

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY IN THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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SCOTTISH DIALECT.

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EDINBURGH:

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P O E M S

THE

SCOTTISH DIALECT

BY

ROBERT BURNS

IN TWO VOLUMES

A NEW EDITION, CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED

SCOTTISH DIALECT

EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD, AND W. BURNES, ST. MARTIN'S LANE

1793

W. BURNES

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ROBERT BURNS

Entered in Stationers Hall.

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P O E M S,

CHIEFLY

S C O T T I S H.

THE

C O T T E R ' S

S A T U R D A Y N I G H T.

INSCRIBED TO R. A****. ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur bear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the Poor. GRAY.*

I.

MY lov'd, my honor'd, much respected
friend!

No mercenary bard his homage pays;

VOL. II.

A

With

With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and
 praise :

To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
 What A**** in a Cottage would have been;
 Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier
 there, I ween !

II.

November chill blows loud wi' angry fugh;
 The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their re-
 pose :

The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,

Collects

Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does
 hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely Cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ;
 Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher
 through
 To meet their Dad, wi' flichterin noise an'
 glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *Wife's*
 smile,
 The lispin infant prattling on his knee,
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his
 toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the Farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie
rin

A cannie errand to a neebor town :
Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, Love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new
gown,
Or depofite her fair-won penny-fee,
To help her Parents dear, if they in hardship
be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly speirs:
The

The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd
fleet ;

Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ;
The Parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.

The *Mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaisf as weel's the
new ;

The *Father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their Master's an' their Mistress's command,

The youngers a' are warned to obey ;
An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' fight, to jauk or play ;
'An' O ! be sure to fear the LORD alway !
'An' mind your *duty*, duely, morn an'
night !

A 3

' Left

- ‘ Left in temptation’s path ye gang astray,
- ‘ Implore his counsel and assisting might :
- ‘ They never fought in vain that fought the
- ‘ LORD aright.’

VII.

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o’ the same,
 Tells how a neebor lad cam o’er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in *Jenny’s* e’e, and flush her cheek ;
 With heart-struck anxious care, enquires
 his name,
 While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak ;
 Weel pleas’d the Mother hears, it’s nae
 wild, worthless Rake.

VIII.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the Mother's
 eye ;

Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The Father cracks of horses, pleughs, and
 kye.

The Youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel
 behave ;

The Mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth fae bashfu' an' fae
 grave ;

Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn's* respected
 like the lave.

IX.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heart-felt raptures ! blifs beyond compare !

I've paced much this weary, *mortal round*,
 And sage *Experience* bids me this declare—
 ' If Heav'n a draught of heav'nly pleasure
 ' spare,
 ' One cordial in this melancholy Vale,
 ' 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest Pair,
 ' In others arms breathe out the tender
 ' tale,
 ' Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents
 ' the ev'ning gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
 LA Wretch! a Villain! lost to love and truth!
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet *Jenny's* unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
 Are Honor, Virtue, Conscience, all exil'd?

Is there no Pity, no relenting Ruth,
 Points to the Parents fondling o'er their
 Child?

Then paints the ruin'd Maid, and their di-
 straction wild !

XI.

But now the Supper crowns their simple
 board,

The healsome *Parritch*, chief o' *Scotia's*
 food :

The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
 That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her
 cood :

The dame brings forth in complimentary
 mood,

To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd keb-
 buck, fell,

A 5

An'

An' aft he's preft, an' aft he ca's it guid;
 The frugal Wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, fin' Lint was
 i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' Supper done, wi' ferious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The fire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big *ba'-Bible*, ance his Father's pride:
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion
 glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care;
 And '*Let us worship God!*' he fays, with
 folemn air.

XIII.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest
 aim :

Perhaps *Dundee's* wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name;
 Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of *Scotia's* holy lays:
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's
 praise.

XIV.

The priest-like Father reads the sacred page,
 How *Abram* was the *Friend of God* on high;

Or, *Moses* bad eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek's* ungracious progeny ;
Or how the *royal Bard* did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging
ire ;
Or *Job's* pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
Or rapt *Isaiab's* wild, seraphic fire ;
Or other Holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian Volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was
shed ;
How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second
name,
Had not on Earth whereon to lay His
head :
How His first followers and servants sped ;
The

The precepts sage they wrote to many a
land :

How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great *Bab'lon's* doom pronounc'd
by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETER-
NAL KING,

The *Saint*, the *Father*, and the *Husband*,
prays :

Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant
wing *,'

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear;
 While circling Time moves round in an eter-
 nal sphere.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's
 pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide,
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the Pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
 But haply, in some *Cottage* far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd the language of the
 Soul;
 And in his *Book of Life* the inmates poor en-
 roll.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
 The youngling Cottagers retire to rest;
 The Parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
 That *He* who fills the raven's clam'rous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
 Would in the way His Wisdom fees the best,
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with *Grace divine*
 preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur
 springs,
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd
 abroad:

Princes

Princes and Lords are but the breath of kings,
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God:'
 And *certes*, in fair Virtue's heav'nly road,
 The *Cottage* leaves the *Palace* far behind;
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to heav'n is
 sent!
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet
 content!
 And, O! may Heav'n, their simple lives pre-
 vent
 From Luxury's contagion, weak and
 vile!

Then

Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
 A *virtuous Populace* may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-
 lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou*! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd thro' *Wallace's* undaunted
 heart;

Who dar'd to, nobly, stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 (The Patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and re-
 ward!)

O never, never, *Scotia's* realm desert;
 But still the *Patriot*, and the *Patriot-Bard*,
 In bright succession raise, her Ornament
 and Guard!

MAN

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

A

D I R G E.

I.

WHEN chill November's furly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wand'red forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair,

II.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou !

Began the rev'rend Sage ;

Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,

Or youthful Pleasure's rage ?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,

Too soon thou hast began

To wander forth, with me, to mourn

The miseries of man.

III.

The Sun that overhangs yon moors,

Out-spreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support

A haughty lordling's pride ;

I've seen yon weary winter-sun

Twice forty times return ;

And

And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That Man was made to mourn.

IV.

O Man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate Follies take the sway;
Licentious Passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That Man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful Prime,
Or Manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.

But

But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and Sorrows worn,
Then Age and Want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
Show Man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of Fate,
In Pleasure's lap carest ;
Yet, think not all the Rich and Great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn.
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame !

More

More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, Remorse, and Shame !
 And Man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to Man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
 The poor Petition spurn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
 By Nature's law design'd,

Why

Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has Man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my Son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!

Welcome

Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest !
The Great, the wealthy fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But, Oh ! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn !

P

O T
Of a
In wh
Per
Vor

A

P R A Y E R,

IN THE

PROSPECT OF DEATH.

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!

In whose dread Presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun ;
As *Something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done ;

III.

Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With Passions wild and strong ;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* slept aside,

Do

(27)

Do Thou, *All-Good!* for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other Plea I have,
But, *Thou art good*; and Goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

B 2

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

S A M E O C C A S I O N.

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene!
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill be-
tween :
Some gleams of sunshine mid renewing
storms :

Is

Is it departing pangs my soul alarms ?

Or Death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode ?

For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms ;

I tremble to approach an angry God,

And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, ' Forgive my foul offence !'

Fain promise never more to disobey ;

But, should my Author health again dispense,

Again I might desert fair Virtue's way ;

Again in Folly's path might go astray ;

Again exalt the brute and sink the man ;

Then how should I for Heav'nly Mercy pray,

Who act so counter Heav'nly Mercy's
plan ?

Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temp-
tation ran ?

O Thou, Great Governor of all below !

If I may dare a lifted eye to thee,

B 3

Thy

Thy nod can make the tempest cease to
blow,

Or still the tumult of the raging sea :

With that controuling pow'r assist ev'n me,

Those headlong, furious passions to con-
fine ;

For all unfit I feel my powers to be,

To rule their torrent in th' allowed line ;

O, aid me with Thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

Lying

*Lying at a Reverend Friend's house one night,
the Author left the following Verses in the
room where he slept:—*

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st
above!

I know Thou wilt me hear:

When for this scene of peace and love,

I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To blefs his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely Offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O blefs her with a Mother's joys,
But spare a Mother's tears !

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush ;

Blefs

Bless him, Thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph Sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide Thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n !

THE
FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life where-ever plac'd,
Hath happinefs in ftore,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore !

Nor from the feat of Scornful Pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

I.
But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that God the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.



P R A Y E R,

Under the Pressure of Violent Anguish.

O THOU great Being! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distressed ;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then, man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine !

THE

FIRST SIX VERSES

OF THE

NINETIETH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race !
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place !

Before

Before the mountains heav'd their heads

Beneath Thy forming hand,

Before this pond'rous globe itself,

Arose at Thy command ;

That Pow'r which rais'd and still upholds

This universal frame,

From countless, unbeginning time

Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years

Which seem to us so vast,

Appear no more before Thy fight

Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word : Thy creature, man,

Is to existence brought ;

Again Thou say'st, ' Ye sons of men,

' Return ye into nought !'

Thou

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep ;
As with a flood Thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

TO A

MOUNTAIN DAISY,

*On turning one down, with the Plough, in
April 1786.*

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,

Thou's met me in an evil hour ;

For I maun crush amang the stoure

Thy slender stem.

To spare thee now is past my pow'r,

Thou bonie gem.

Alas !

Alas ! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet !
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet !
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling East.

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet chearfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the Parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our Gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield ;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the hiftie *fibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There,

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head

In humble guise ;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade !
By Love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent Lore*,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er !

Such

Such fate to *suffering Worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To Mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date ;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom !

T O

R U I N.

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !

At whose destruction-breathing word,

The mightiest empires fall !

Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,

The ministers of Grief and Pain,

A fullen welcome, all !

With

With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my *dearest* tie,
 And quivers in my heart.

Then low'ring, and pouring,
 The *Storm* no more I dread ;
 Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
 Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim Pow'r, by Life abhorr'd,
 While Life a *pleasure* can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's pray'r !
 No more I shrink appal'd, afraid ;
 I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
 To close this scene of care !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Re-sign Life's *joyless* day ;
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mould'ring in the clay ;

No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face,
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace !

(48)

TO

M I S S L—.

*With BEATTIE'S POEMS for a New-year's
Gift. Jan. 1. 1787.*

AGIN the filent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail ;

I send you more than India boasts

In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love

Is charg'd, perhaps too true ;

But may, dear Maid, each Lover prove

An *Edwin* still to you.

E P I S T L E

TO A

Y O U N G F R I E N D.

May — 1786.

I.

I Lang hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A Something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento* ;

But

But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine ;
Perhaps, it may turn out a Sang ;
Perhaps, turn out a Sermon.

II.

Ye'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye :
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end's attained ;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a' ;
The real, harden'd wicked,

Wha hae nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricked :
 But Och, mankind are unco weak,
 An' little to be trusted ;
 If *Self* the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in Fortune's strife,
 Their fate we would na censure,
 For still th' *important end* of life,
 They equally may answer :
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Tho' Poortith hourly flare him ;
 A man may tak a neebor's part,
 Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han', your story tell,
 When wi' a bosom crony ;

But

But still keep something to yoursel,
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection;
 But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
 Wi' sharpen'd fly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it;
 But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
 Tho' naething should divulge it:
 I wave the quantum of the fin,
 The hazard of concealing;
 But Och! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Affiduous wait upon her:

C 3

And

But

And gather gear by ev'ry wife
 That's justify'd by Honor :
 Not for to hide it in a hedge,
 Nor for a train-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' Hell's a hangman's whip,
 To haud the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your *Honor* grip,
 Let that ay be your border :
 It's slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' sīde pretences ;
 And resolutely keep it's laws,
 Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
 Must sure become the *Creature* ;

But

But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And ev'n the rigid feature :
 Yet ne'er with Wits prophane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An Atheist-laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

X.

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring,
 Religion may be blinded ;
 Or if she gie a *random sting*,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on Life we're tempest-driv'n,
 A Conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
 Is sure a noble *anchor* !

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable Youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !

May Prudence, Fortitude, and Truth,
Erect your brow undaunting !
In ploughman phrase, ' God, send you speed'
Still daily to grow wiser ;
And may ye better reck the *rede*,
Than ever did th'Adviser.

ON A

S C O T C H B A R D,

GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by fowps o' drink,

A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,

A' ye wha live and never think,

Come mourn wi' me !

Our *billie's* gien us a' a jink,

An' owre the sea.

C 5

Lament

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he'll join the *merry roar*,

In social key ;

For now he's taen anither shore,

An' owre the sea !

The bonie lasses weel may wis him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him :
The widows, wives, an' a' may blefs him,

Wi' tearfu' e'e ;

For weel I wat they'll fairly miss him

That's owre the sea !

O Fortune, they hae room to grumble !
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,

'Twad been nae plea ;

But he was gleg as ony wumble,

That's owre the sea!

Auld,

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the faut, faut tear
'Twill mak her poor, auld heart, I fear,
In flinders flee :

He was her *Laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the Sea!

He saw Misfortune's cauld *Nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A Jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be !
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the Sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree ;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the Sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in ;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under biding* ;

He dealt it free :
The Muse was a' that he took pride in,
That's owre the Sea.

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
An' hap him in a cozie biel :
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou o' glee :
He wad na wrang'd the vera Deil,
That's owre the Sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing billie* !
Your native foil was right ill-willie ;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie !
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the Sea!

TO A

H A G G I S.

FAIR fa' your honest, sonfie face,

Great Chieftan o' the Puddin-race !

Aboon them a' ye tak your place,

Painch, tripe, or thairm :

Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*

As lang's my arm.

The

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see Rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready flight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch ;
And then, O what a glorious fight,
Warm-reekin, rich !

Then, horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld Guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a fow,
Or *fricassée* wad mak her spew

Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner !

Poor devil ! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His niece a nit ;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit !

But mark the Rustic, *baggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie niece a blade,
He'll mak it whistle ;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will fied,
Like taps o' thrifles.

Ye

Ye Pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis* !

D

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A

D E D I C A T I O N.

TO

G***** H***** Esq.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,

A fleechin, fleth'rin Dedication,

To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,

An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid;

Because

Because ye're firnam'd like *His Grace*,
 Perhaps related to the race;
 Then when I'm tir'd—and fae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
 Set up a face, how I stop short,
 For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the Great Folk for a wamefou;
 For me! fae laigh I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough*;
 And when I downa yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg*;
 Sae I shall say, an' that's nae flatt'rin,
 Its just *fic Poet*, an' *fic Patron*.

The Poet, some guid Angel help him,
 Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him!
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only he's no just begun yet.

The

The Patron (Sir, ye maun forgie me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me)
 On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa fee a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it ;
 Ought he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidnefs is abus'd ;
 And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
 Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang :
 As Master, Landlord, Husband, Father,
 He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that ;
 It's naething but a milder feature,
 Of our poor, sinfu', corrupt Nature :

Ye'll

Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and Pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
 Wha never heard of Orth-d-xy.
 That's he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The *Gentleman* in word and deed,
 It's no thro' terror of D-mn-t--n ;
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
 In *moral* Mercy, Truth, and Justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal thro' a *winnock* frae a wh-re,
 But point the Rake that taks the *door* ;
 Be to the Poor like onie whunstane,
 And haud their noses to the grunstone :

Ply

Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
 No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile
 graces,
 Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae Deceiver,
 A steady, sturdy, staunch Believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lu-n*,
 For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin !
 Ye sons of Heresy and Error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ;
 When Ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
 Just frets till Heav'n commission gies him :

While

While o'er the *Harp* pale Mis'ry moans,
 And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my *Dedication* ;
 But when Divinity comes cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, you see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, Sir, to *You* :
 Because (ye need na tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronize them wi' your favor,
 And your petitioner shall ever——
 I had amaist said, *ever pray*.
 But that's a word I need na say :

For prayin I hae little skill o't;
 I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
 That kens or hears about you, Sir——

' May ne'er Misfortune's gowling bark,
 ' Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk* !
 ' May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
 ' For that same gen'rous spirit smart !
 ' May K*****'s far-honoured name
 ' Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
 ' Till H*****s, at least a dizen,
 ' Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 ' Five bonie lasses round their table,
 ' And seven braw Fellows, stout an' able,
 ' To serve their King and Country weel,
 ' By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 ' May Health and Peace, with mutual rays,
 ' Shine on the ev'ning o' his days ;
 ' Till

' Till his wee, curlie *John's* ier-oe,
 ' When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
 ' The last, sad, mournful rites bestow?

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours,
 Are blest with Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, Dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Pow'rs above prevent)
 That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your *bumble servant* then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the Poor?
 But, by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n !

While

While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *Master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand,—my *Friend and Bro-*
ther!

TO A

L O U S E,

On seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!

Your impudence protects you fairly :

I canna say but ye strunt rarely,

Owre gauze and lace ;

Tho' faith, I fear, ye dine but sparely

On sic a place.

Ye

Ye ugly, creepin, blafit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by faunt an' finner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a Lady!
Gae fomewhere else and seek your dinner,
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle ;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumping cattle,
In shoals and nations ;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' fight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight ;
Na faith ye yet ! ye'll no be right
Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet*.

My sooth! right bauld ye fet your nose
out,

As plump and gray as onie grozet;

O for some rank, mercurial rozet,

Or fell, red smeddum,

I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,

Wad drefs your droddum!

I wad na been furpris'd to spy

You on an auld wife's flainen toy;

Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,

On's wyliecoat;

But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,

How daur ye do't?

O, *Jenny*, dinna tofs your head,

An' set your beauties a' abroad!

Ye little ken what curfed speed

The blastie's makin!

Thae

Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see ourselfs as others see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us

And foolish notion :

What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion !

(78)

A D D R E S S

T O

E D I N B U R G H.

I.

EDINA! *Scotia's* darling seat !

All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !

From

From marking wildly-scatt'ed flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And fing'ring, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

II.

Here Wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy Trade his labours plies ;
There Architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise ;
Here Justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod ;
There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks Science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, *Edina*, social, kind,
With open arms the Stranger hail ;

D 4

Their

Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
 Above the narrow, rural vale;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim:
 And never may their sources fail!
 And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy Daughters bright thy walks adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
 Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
 I see the *Sire of Love* on high,
 And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough rude Fortrefs gleams afar;

Like

Like some bold Vet'ran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a feamy scar :
 The pond'rous wall and maffy bar,
 Grim-rifing o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood affailing War,
 And oft repell'd th' Invader's flock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
 I view that noble, stately Dome,
 Where *Scotia's* kings of other years
 Fam'd heroes, had their royal home :
 Alas, how chang'd the times to come !
 Their royal Name low in the dust !
 Their hapless Race wild-wand'ring roam !
 Tho' rigid Law cries out, 'twas just !

VII.

Wild beats my heart, to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,

D 5

Thro'

Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old *Scotia's* bloody lion bore :
 Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
 Haply, *my Sires* have left their shed,
 And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your Fathers led!

VIII.

Edina! *Scotia's* darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
 Where once beneath a Monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sov'reign pow'rs !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
 As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
 I shelter in thy honor'd shade.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

TO

J. L*****K,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1. 1785.

W H I L E briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' Paitricks sraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning Pouffie whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,

D 6

This

This freedom, in an *unknown* frien',
I pray excuse.

On Fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang* about.

There was ae *sung*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thir'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describ'd fae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, ' Can this be Pope, or Steele,

' Or

‘ Or Beattie’s wark !’

They tald me ’twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear’t,
And fae about him there I spier’t,
Then a’ that ken’t him round declar’d,
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell’d it, few cam near’t,
It was fae fine.

That fet him to a pint of ale,
An’ either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an’ fangs he’d made himsel,
Or witty catches,
’Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an’ swoor an aith,
Tho’ I should pawn my pleugh and graith,

Or

Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith,
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amangst as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *Poet*, in a sense,
But just a *Rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to Learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my *Muse* does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
 At pleugh or cart,
 My Muse, though hamely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan's* glee,
 Or *Ferguson's*, the bauld and flee,
 Or bright *L*****k's*, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it!
 That would be *lear* enough for me,
 If I could get it.

Now Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
 I'll no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel ;
As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
But friends and folks that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose me ;
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fair ;
Maybe some *ither thing* they gie me
 They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline Race*, or *Mauchline Fair*,
I should be proud to meet you there ;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
 If we forgather,
An hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
 Wi' ane anither.

The

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water ;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To chear our heart ;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sence, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack* !
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
' Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But

But to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the gristle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fisle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whisle,
Your friend and servant.

TO

TO THE SAME.

April 21. 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor,
To honest-hearted, auld L*****k,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket

Forjesket fair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart Muse fair pleads and begs,
I wou'd na write.

The tapetlefs ramfeeze'd hizzie,
She's fast at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, ' Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
' This month an' mair,
That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
' An' something fair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad ;
' Conscience,' says I, ' ye thowlefs jad !
' I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
' This vera night ;
' So dinna ye affront your trade,
' But rhyme it right.
' Shall

‘ Shall bauld L*****k, the king o’ hearts,
‘ Tho’ mankind were a pack o’ cartes,
‘ Roose you fae weel for your deserts,
‘ In terms fae friendly,
‘ Yet ye’ll neglect to shaw your parts,
‘ An’ thank him kindly!’

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An’ down gaed *stumpie* in the ink :
Quoth I, ‘ Before I sleep a wink,
‘ I vow I’ll close it ;
‘ An’ if ye winna mak it clink,
‘ By Jove I’ll prose it !’

Sae I’ve begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither,
Let time mak proof ;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' Fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorland harp*

Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how Fortune *waft* an' *warp*;
She's but a b-tch.

She's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang's I dow!

Now comes the fax an' twentieth fimmer,
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
I, Rob, am here.

Do

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit Brugh to represent
A *Bailie's* name?

Or is't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' ruff'd fark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

' O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
' Gie me o' wit an' sense a list,
' Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
' Thro' Scotland wide;
' Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
' In a' their pride!

Were

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal Mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
' Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
' And none but *he*!

O Mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an'
growl,

Their worthless neivefu' of a foul
May in some *future carcase* howl,

The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *L*****k* and *B***** arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

T •

W. S * * * * N, Ochiltree.

May 1785.

[GAT your letter, winsome *Willie*;

Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;

Tho' I maun say't, I wad be filly,

An' unco vain,

Should I believe, my coaxin billie,

Your flatterin strain.

E 2

But

But I'fe believe ye kindly meant it,
I fud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironie fatire, fidelins sklented
On my poor Mufie;
Tho' in sic phraifin terms ye've penn'd it,
I fcarce excufe ye.

My fenfes wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to fpeel,
Wi' *Allan*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathlefs name.

(O *Ferguson* ! thy glorious parts
Ill fuited law's dry, mufty arts !
My curfe upon your whunftane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry !
The tythe o' what ye wafte at cartes
Wad ftow'd his pantry ?

Yet

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my dead,
(O fad difeafe!)

I kittle up my *rustic reed*;
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays,
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-fung praise.

Nae Poet thought her worth his while,
To fet her name in measur'd stile;
She lay like some unkend of isle
Beside *New Holland*,

Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan*.

Ramsay an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon ;
Yarrow an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Naebody fings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line !
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila's* plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae Southron billies.

At *Wallace*' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace*' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O sweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry !

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree ;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray ;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day !

O *Nature!* a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the Summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or Winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae Poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouter, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face describe,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.
Fareweel,

Fareweel, ' my rhyme-composin' brither !'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither :
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal :
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal !

While Highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes ;
While moorlan herds like guid, fat braxies ;
While Terra Firma, on her axis,
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My memory's no worth a preen ;
I had amaist forgotten clean,

Ye bade me write you what they mean

By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *berds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *Grammer*, *Logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid Lallans,
Like you or me.

I. thae auld times, they thought the *Moon*,
Just like a fark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, till her last roon
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done
They gat a new one.

This

* See note page 91.

This past for certain, undisputed ;
 It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
 Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
 An' ca'd it wrang ;
 An' muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud an' lang.

Some *berds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
 Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk ;
 For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
 An' out o' fight,
 An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
 She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd ;
 The *berds* an' *biffels* were alarm'd :
 The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd
 Than their auld daddies.

Frae lefs to mair it gaed to sticks ;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks ;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt ;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld-light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
Till Lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light berds* gat sic a cove,
Folk thought them ruined stick-an-flowe,
Till now amais't on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd ;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
Their zealous *berds* are vex'd an' sweatin;
Myself, I've even seen them greetin
 Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *Moon* sae sadly lie'd on
 By word an' write.

But shortly they will cove the louns!
Some *auld light berds* in neebor towns
Are mind't, in things they ca *balloons*,
 To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *Moons*
 An' see them right.

Guid obervation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld Moon's* gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

Sae,

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a ' moonshine matter ;'
But tho' dull prose-folk Latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we Bardies ken some better
Than mind fic brulzie.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

T O

J. R * * * * *

Inclosing some Poems.

OROUGH, rude, ready-witted R*****,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin !
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams* * an' tricks
Will send you Korah-like, a-finkin,
Straught to auld Nick's,
Ye

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a
noise in the country-side.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
 And in your wicked, druken rants,
 Ye mak a devil o' the Saunts,
 An' fill them fou ;
 And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
 Are a' seen thro'.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it !
 That holy robe, O dinna tear it !
 Spare't for their fakes wha aften wear it,
 The lads in *black* ;
 But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
 Rives't aff their back.

Think, wicked Sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
 Its just the *Blue-gown* badge an' claithing
 O' faunts ; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
 To ken them by,
 Frae ony unregenerate Heathen
 Like you or I.

I've

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair ;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *Sang* * ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing !
My Muse dow scarcely spread her wing !
I've play'd mysel a bonie spring,
An' danc'd my fill !
I'd better gaen an' fair'd the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *Paitrick* to the grun',
A bonnie hen,
And,

* A *song* he had promised the Author.

And, as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor, wee thing was little hurt ;
I fraikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for't ;
But, Deil-ma-care !
Somebody tells the *Poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld, us'd hands had taen a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot ;
I was suspected for the plot ;
I scorn'd to lie ;
So gat the whifsle o' my groat,
An' pay't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouter an' my hail,

An'

An' by my hen, an' by her tail,

I vow an' fwear !

The *Game* shall pay, o'er moor an' dale,

For this, nieft year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,

An' the wee pouts begun to cry,

L--d, I'fe hae sportin by an' by,

For my gowd guinea :

Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye

For't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame .

'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,

But twa-three draps about the wame

Scarce thro' the feathers ;

An' baith a yellow George to claim,

An' thole their blethers !

It

It pits me ay as mad's a hare ;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair ;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,

When time's expedient:

Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,

Your most obedient.

JOHN

JOHN BARLEYCORN*,

A

B A L L A D.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song
known by the same name.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful Spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall ;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And fore surpris'd them all.

IV.

The sultry furs of Summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,

His

His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

wn,
The sober Autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale ;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age ;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

VII.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee ;

Then

Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full fore ;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,

And

And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They tofs'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones ;
But a Miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round ;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,

Vol. II.

F

For

For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe ;
'Twill heighten all his joy :
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand ;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland !

A .

FRAGMENT.

Tune, GILLICRANKIE.

I.

WHEN *Guilford* good our Pilot stood,

An' did our hellim thraw, man,

Ae night, at tea, began a plea,

Within *America*, man :

Then up they gat the maskin-pat,

And in the sea did jaw, man ;

An' did nae less, in full Congress,

Than quite refuse our law, man.

F 2

II.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na flaw, man ;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *C-rl-t-n* did ca', man :
But yet, whatreck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy G-ge* within a cage
Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man ;
Till *Willie H--e* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man :
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a fin
Guid Christian bluid to draw, man ;

But

But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir Loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

B-rg--ne gaed up, like spur an' whip,
Till *Frazer* brave did fa', man ;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
Grnw-ll-s fought as lang's he dought,
An' did the Buckskins claw, man ;
But *Cl-nt-n's* glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *M-nt-gue*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa', man ;
And *S-ckv-lle* doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German Chief to thraw, man :

For Paddy *B-rke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man ;
An' *Charlie F-x* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *R-ck-ngh-m* took up the game ;
Till Death did on him ca', man ;
When *Sb-lb-rne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to Gospel law, man :
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For *N-rtb* an' *F-x* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then Clubs an' Hearts were *Charlie's* cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,

Till

Till the Diamond's Ace, of *Indian* race

Led him a fair *faux pas*, man :

The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,

On *Chatbam's Boy* did ca', man ;

An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,

' Up, Willie, waur them a', man !'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Gr-nv-lle's* gone,

A secret word or twa, man ;

While flee *D-nd-s* arous'd the class

Be-north the Roman wa', man :

An' *Chatbam's* wraith, in heavenly graith,

(Inspired Bardies saw, man)

Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, ' *Willie*, rise !

' Would I hae fear'd them a', man !'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *N-rth, F-x and Co,*

Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,

Till *Suthron* raise, an' coost their claife
Behind him in a raw, man :
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man ;
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To mak it guid in law, man.

* * * * *

SONG

S O N G.

Tune, Corn rigs are bonie.

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie :
The time flew by, wi' tentless heed,
Till 'tween the late and early ;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

F 5

II.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly ;
I fet her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley :
I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;
I lov'd her most sincerely ;
I kifs'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;
Her heart was beating rarely :
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley !
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly !

She

She ay shall blefs that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;
I hae been merry drinkin ;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;
I hae been happy thinking :
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

C H O R U S.

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,
An' corn rigs are bonie :
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

S O N G,

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, *I had a horse, I had nae mair.*

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring Autumn's pleasant weather ;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather :
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary Farmer ;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove
at night,
To muse upon my Charmer

II.

II.

The Partridge loves the fruitful fells ;

The Plover loves the mountains ;

The Woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;

The soaring Hern the fountains :

Thro' lofty groves the Cushat roves

The path of man to shun it ;

The hazel bush o'erhangs the Thrush,

The spreading thorn the Linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,

The savage and the tender ;

Some social join, and leagues combine ;

Some solitary wander :

Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,

Tyrannic man's dominion ;

The

The Sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion !

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning's clear,
Thick flies the skimming Swallow ;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow :
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of Nature ;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest
Swear how I love thee dearly :

Not

Not vernal fhow'rs to budding flow'rs

Not Autumn to the Farmer,

So dear can be as, thou to me,

My fair, my lovely Charmer !

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune, *My Nanie, O.*

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O.
The wintry sun the day has ches'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hill to Nanie, O.

III.

III.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonie, O ;
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O ;

But

But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will fen' me, O ;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

GREEN

GREEN GROW THE RASHES.

▲

FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashers, O ;
Green grow the rashers, O ;
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Are spent among the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.

Green grow, &c.

II.

II.

The warly race may riches chafe,
An' riches still may fly them O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
Green grow, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my Dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!
Green grow, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The

The wisest Man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lassies, O.

Green grow, &c.

V.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely Dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lassies, O.

Green grow, &c.

* * * * *

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune, *Jockey's Grey Brecks.*

I.

AGAIN rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S *.

*And maun I still on Menie † doat,
 And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
 For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
 An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

And maun I still, &c.

III.

* This Chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the Author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

III.

The merry Ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie Seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

And maun I still, &c.

IV.

&c. The wanton coot the water skims,
III. Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
gentle- And every thing is blest but I.
's.

And maun I still, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding flap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And maun I still, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and fings on fluttering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

And maun I still, &c.

VII.

VII.

Come Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When Nature all is sad like me!

*And maun I still on Menie doat,
And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!
For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,
An' it winna let a body be.*

S O N G.

Tune, *Roslin Castle.*

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain ;
The Hunter now has left the moor,
The scatt' red coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*,

II.

II.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
 By early Winter's ravage torn ;
 Across her placid, azure sky,
 She sees the scowling tempest fly :
 Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
 I think upon the stormy wave,
 Where many a danger I must dare,
 Far from the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
 'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore ;
 Tho' Death in ev'ry shape appear,
 The Wretched have no more to fear :
 But round my heart the ties are bound,
 That heart transpierc'd with many a wound ;

These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell, old *Coila's* hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales ;
The scenes where wretched Fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves !
Farewell, my friends ! farewell, my foes !
My peace with these, my love with those —
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell, the bonie banks of *Ayr* !

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune, *Gilderoy*.

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore :
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar :
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my Love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee :

G 4

II.

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore !
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more !
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh !

Farewell, farewell *Eliza*
The maid that I adore
A boding voice is in mine ear
We part to meet no more

THE

THE
F A R E W E L L.

TO THE BRETHREN OF ST JAMES'S LODGE,
TARBOLTON.

Tune, *Goodnight and joy be wi' you a'.*

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!

Dear brothers of the *mystic tie*!

Ye favour'd, ye *enlighten'd* Few,

Companions of my social joy!

Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing Fortune's flidd'ry ba',
 With melting heart, and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social Band,
 And spent the chearful, festive night ;
 Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
 Presided o'er the *Sons of light* :
 And by that *Hieroglyphic* bright,
 Which none but *Craftsmen* ever saw !
 Strong Mem'ry on my heart shall write
 Those happy scenes when far awa' !

III.

May Freedom, Harmony, and Love.
 Unite you in the *grand Design*,

Beneath

Beneath th' Omniscient Eye above,
 The glorious *Architect* Divine!
 That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
 Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
 Till *Order* bright completely shine,
 Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *You* farewell! whose merits claim,
 Justly that *bigbest badge* to wear!
 Heav'n bless your honour'd, noble Name,
 To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
 A last request permit me here,
 When yearly ye assemble a',
 One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
 To him, *the Bard that's far awa'.*

S O N G.

*Tune, Prepare, my dear brethren, to the ta-
vern let's fly, &c.*

I.

NO Churchman am I for to rail and to
write,

NO Statesman nor Soldier to plot or to fight,

NO fly Man of business contriving a snare,

For a big belly'd bottle's the whole of my
care.

II.

II.

The Peer I don't envy, I give him his bow ;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low ;
But a club of good fellows, like those that
are here
And a bottle like this, are my glory and
care.

III.

Here passes the Squire on his brother—his
horse ;
There Centum per Centum, the Cit with his
purse ;
But see you the Crown how it waves in the
air,
There a big-belly'd bottle ~~full~~ eases my
care.

IV.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas ! she did die ;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly ;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;
But the purfy old landlord just waddled up
stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

IV.

‘ Life’s cares they are comforts *’—a maxim
laid down

By

* Young’s Night Thoughts.

By the Bard, what d'ye call him, that wore
the black gown ;

And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair ;
For a big-belly'd bottle's a heav'n of care.

A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge :

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;

May every true brother of th' Compass and

Square

Have a big-belly'd bottle when harafs'd with
care.

WRITTEN

WRITTEN

IN

FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,
ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in ruffet weed,
Be thou deckt in filken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As Youth and Love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her firen air
May delude the thoughtless pair ;
Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale ?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait :
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,

Soar

Soar around each clifly hold,
 While chearful peace, with linnet song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
 Beck'ning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
 There ruminate with sober thought,
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
 And teach the sportive youngers round,
 Saws of experience, sage and sound.
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not, art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or frugal Nature grudge thee one ?
 Tell them, and press it on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,

The

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To Virtue or to Vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just, and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies ;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to be wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep ;
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
Till Future Life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before. }

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide !
Quod the Beadsman of Nith-side.

ODE,

O D E,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

MRS. — OF —.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,

Hangman of creation, mark !

Who in widow weeds appears,

Laden with unhonoured years,

Noofing

Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of Humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.
See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting
rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of Armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends),
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither
bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam Mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,

While

While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n !
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience
clear
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

ON

CAPT. M—— H——,

A Gentleman who held the Patent for his
Honours immediately from Almighty God!

*But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright ;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light !*

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And

And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie

Wi' thy auld fides !

He's gane, he's gane ! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born !

Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn

By wood and wild,

Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,

Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,

That proudly cock your cresting cairns !

Ye cliffs, the haunts of failing years,

Where Echo slumbers !

Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,

My wailing numbers !

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens !

Ye hazly shaws and briery dens !

VOL. II.

H

Ye

Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee ;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see ;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs ;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn,

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood ;
Ye groufs that crap the heather bud ;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud ;
Ye whistling plover ;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood ;
He's gane for ever !

Mourn, footy coots, and speckled teals ;
Ye fisher herons, watching eels ;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake ;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his fake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring claver gay ;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,

H 2 Tell

Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn,
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn !

O, rivers, forests, hills, and plains !
Oft have ye heard my canty strains :
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe ;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear :

Thou,

Thou, Summer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, Empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O, H*****! the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

THE EPITAPH.

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;

Itell nae common tale o' grief.

For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit haft,

Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man ;

A look of pity hither cast,

For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble fodger art,

That paffest by this grave, man,

There moulders here a gallant heart ;

Nor Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,

Canst throw uncommon light, man ;

Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,

For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at Friendship's sacred ca'

Wad life itself resign, man ;

Thy sympathetic tear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man ;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man ;
This was thy billie, dam, and fire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin fot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man ;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

LAMENT

L A M E N T
OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS
ON THE
APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:

H 5

Now

Now Phoebus chears the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing ;
 The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
 Makes woodland echoes ring ;
 The mavis mild wi' many a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest :
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thrall oppress'd.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the brae ;
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the flae :
 The meanest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;

But

But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,

Maun lie in prifon strang.

I was the Queen o' bonie France,

Where happy I hae been ;

Fu' lightly rafe I in the morn,

As blythe lay down at e'en :

And I'm the fov'reign of Scotland,

And mony a traitor there ;

Yet here I lie in foreign bands,

And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,

My fifter and my fae,

Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword

That thro' thy foul fhall gae :

The weeping blood in woman's breaft

Was never known to thee ;

Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe

Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine :
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine !
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee :
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me !

O ! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn !
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn !
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave ;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

T O

R***** G***** OF F***** , Esq.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest);

Will generous G***** lift to his Poet's wail?
(It sooths poor Misery, hearkning to her
tale),

And

And hear him curse the light he first survey'd
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.

The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the
ground :

Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his
cell.—

Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour.
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—

Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure ;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.

Toads with their poison, doctors with their
drug,

The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are
snug.

Ev'n

Ev'n filly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and
 darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the
 Bard!

A thing unteachable in world's skill,
 And half an idiot too, more helpless still.
 No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
 No claws to dig, his hated fight to shun;
 No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
 No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur.

In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
 He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
 Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
 And scorpion Critics cureless venom dart.

Critics

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
 Bloody disfectors, worse than ten Monroes;
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must
 wear:

Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in th' unequal
 strife,

The hapless Poet flounders on thro' life.

Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
 And fled each Muse that glorious once in-
 spir'd,

Low-sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
 Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless Cri-
 tic's rage!

So,

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed de-
ceas'd,

For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies, senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O Dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well de-
serve,

They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the Mallard a sad worthless dog.
When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With

With deaf endurance fluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that "fools are fortune's
care."

So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muses' mad-cap train,
Nor such the workings of their moon-struck
brain ;

In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears :)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r !
F*****, my other stay, long bless and spare !

Thro'

Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest
breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of
death!

LAMENT

L A M E N T

FOR

JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream :
Beneath a craigy steep, a Bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely taen.

He

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with
years ;

His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,

" The reliques of the vernal quire !

" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds

" The honours of the aged year !

" A few short months, and glad and gay,

" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e ;

" But nocht in all revolving time

" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I]

" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has stood the wind and rain;
" But now has come a cruel blast,
" And my last hold of earth is gane :
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
" Nae fimmer sun exalt my bloom ;
" But I maun lie before the storm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen fae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a stranger grown ;
" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown :
" Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For filent, low, on beds of dust,
" Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

" And

" And last, (the sum of a' my griefs !)

" My noble master lies in clay ;

" The flow'r amang our barons bold,

" His country's pride, his country's stay :

" In weary being now I pine,

" For a' the life of life is dead,

" And hope has left my aged ken,

" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp !

" The voice of woe and wild despair !

" Awake, resound thy latest lay,

" Then sleep in silence evermair !

" And thou, my last, best, only friend,

" That fillest an untimely tomb,

" Accept this tribute from the Bard

" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest
gloom.

" In

" In Poverty's low barren vale,
 " Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
" Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 " Nae ray of fame was to be found :
" Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
 " That melts the fogs in limpid air,
" The friendless Bard and rustic song,
 " Became alike thy fostering care.

" O ! why has worth so short a date ?
 " While villains ripen grey with time !
" Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
 " Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime !
" Why did I live to see that day ?
 " A day to me so full of woe ?
" O ! had I met the mortal shaft
 " Which laid my benefactor low !

" The

" The bridegroom may forget the bride,
" Was made his wedded wife yestreen ;
" The monarch may forget the crown
" That on his head an hour has been ;
" The mother may forget the child
" That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
" But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
" And a' that thou hast done for me !"

L I N E S,

Sent to SIR JOHN WHITEFORD of WHITEFORD,
BART. with the foregoing Poem.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly
fear'st,

To thee this votive off'ring I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.

The *Friend* thou valued'st, I, the *Patron*, lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world
unknown.

TAM

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie and of Bogillie full is this buke.

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,

We think na on the lang Scots miles,
 The mosses, waters, flaps, and styles,
 That lie between us and our hame,
 Whare sits our sulky fullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpassees,
 For honest men and bonny lassies.)

O *Tam*! hadst thou but been sae wise,
 As ta'en they ain wife *Kate's* advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had filler;

That

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday.
 She prophesy'd that late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon ;
 Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By *Alloway's* auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gars me greet,
 To think how many counfels sweet,
 How many lengthen'd sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale : Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right ;
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;

Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.
 The night drave on wi' fangs and clatter;
 And ay the ale was growing better:
 The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious,
 Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
 The Souter tauld his queereft stories;
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man fae happy,
 E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
 Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;

Or like the snow falls in the river,
 A moment white——then melts for ever;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanishing amid the storm.—
 Nae man can tether time or tide;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
 And sic a night he taks the road in,
 As ne'er poor finner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
 The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
 That night, a child might understand,
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, *Meg*,
 A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet ;
 Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Left bogles catch him unawares :
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Whare in the snaw, the chapman smoor'd ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Whare *Mungo's* mither hang'd hersel.—

Before

Before him *Doon* pours all his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars thro' the woods ;
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll :
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing ;
 And loud refounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn* !
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
 Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil ;
 Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
 Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
 But *Maggie* stood right fair astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light ;
 And, vow ! *Tam* saw an unco sight !

Warlocks and witches in a dance ;
 Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mettle in their heels,
 A winnock-bunker in the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast ;
 A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
 To gie them music was his charge :
 He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses ;
 And by some devilish cantraip flight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
 By which heroic *Tam* was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
 Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns ;
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;

Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted ;
 Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled ;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
 The grey hairs yet stak to the heft ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awefu',
 Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious :
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her fark !

Now *Tam*, O *Tam* ! had thae been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens,

Their farkes, instead o' creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linnen !
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonie burdies !

But wither'd bedlams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
 Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
 I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore ;
 For mony a beast to dead she shot,
 And perish'd mony a bony boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear)

Her

Her cutty fark, o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn,
 In longitude tho' forely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
 Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
 That fark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches),
 Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cour;
 Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jade she was, and strang),
 And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enrich'd;
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,

And

And roars out, " Weel done, Cutty-fark !"
 And in an instant all was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke ;
 As open puffie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager runs the market-crowd,
 When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam* ! Ah, *Tam* ! thou'll get thy fairin !
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
 In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !

Now,

Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the key-stane * of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the key-stane she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake!
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle——
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin claught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now,

* It is a well known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed ;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
 Or cutty farks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

ON

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To th

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP
BY ME, WHICH A FELLOW HAD
JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art'
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor never pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and ver-
dant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.
Seek,

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted
rest,

No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy
head,

The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the chearful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy
hapless fate.

ADDRESS,

A D D R E S S,

To the SHADE of THOMSON, on crowning his
BUST, at *Ednam, Roxburgh-shire*, with
BAYS.

W H I L E virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between.

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,

Yet

Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade.

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed.

While maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Roufing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows.

So long, sweet Poet of the Year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well has won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that *Thomson* was her son.

EPITAPHS.

EPITAPHS.

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER.

HERE Sowter **** in Death does sleep ;

To H-ll, if he's gane thither,

Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,

He'll haud it weel thegither.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

BELOW thir stanes lies Jamie's banes :

O Death, it's my opinion,

Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch

Into thy dark dominion !

NO

ON WEE JOHNNY.

Hic jacet wee Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That Death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence, and at-
tend !
Here lie the loving Husband's dear remains,
The tender Father, and the gen'rous Friend.

The

The pitying heart that felt for human Woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human
Pride ;

The Friend of Man, to vice alone a foe ;
“ For ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's
“ side *.”

FOR R. A. Esq.

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name !
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold.

FOR G. H. Esq.

THE poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd ;

But

* Goldsmith.

But with *such as be*, where'er he be,
May I be *fav'd* or *d—d*!

A BARD'S EPITAPH.

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a Bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!

But,

But, with a frater-feeling strong,

Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgement clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,

Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,

Wild as the wave ;

Here pause—and, through the starting tear,

Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below

Was quick to learn and wise to know,

And keenly felt the friendly glow,

And *softer* flame

But thoughtless follies laid him low,

And stain'd his name !

Reader, attend—whether thy soul

Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,

Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,

In low pursuit ;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
Is Wisdom's root.

ON THE

Late CAPTAIN GROSE'S PERIGRINATIONS thro'
SCOTLAND, collecting the ANTIQUITIES of
that KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke to Johnny Groats;—

If there's a hole in a' your coats,

I rede you tent it :

A chield's amang you, taking notes,

And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodge wight,

O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco flight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin*.
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say L—d safe's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsy-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

It's tauld he was a fodger bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade,
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And taen the——*Antiquarian trade*,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets:
 Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets*,
 Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
 A towmont gude;
 And parritch-pats, and auld faut-buckets,
 Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
 Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
 That which distinguished the gender

K 3

O'

* Vide his treatise on ancient armour and weapons.

O' Balaam's a's;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brads.

Forbye, he'll shape you aff fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
And then ye'll see him!

Now, by the Pow'rs o' Verse and Prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—

Whae'er

Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,

They fair misca' thee ;

I'd take the rascal by the nose,

Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

TO

MISS C*****, *a very young Lady.*

Written on the blank leaf of a Book, presented to her by the Author.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely Flow'r,
Chilly shrink in fleety show'r !
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights !

Never

Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !

Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem ;
 Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
 While all around the woodland rings,
 And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings ;
 Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
 Shed thy dying honours round,
 And resign to Parent Earth
 The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

S O N G.

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care ;
But ah ! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair !

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n ;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of Heav'n.

On

On reading, in a NEWSPAPER, the DEATH
of J—— M'L——, ESQ. BROTHER to a
YOUNG LADY, a particular FRIEND of the
AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,

And rueful thy alarms:

Death tears the brother of her love

From Ifabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew

The morning rose may blow;

But cold successive noontide blasts

May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Ifabella's morn

The sun propitious smil'd ;

But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds

Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords

That Nature finest strung :

So Ifabella's heart was form'd,

And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,

Can heal the wound He gave ;

Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes

To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,

And fear no withering blast ;

There Ifabella's spotless worth

Shall happy be at last.

THE

THE
HUMBLE PETITION

OF
B R U A R W A T E R *
TO THE
NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear

Woe ne'er affails in vain ;

Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear

Your humble flave complain,

How

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque
and beautiful ; but their effect is much impaired by the
want of trees and shrubs.

How saucy Phoebus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer-pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumping, glowrin trouts,
 That thro' my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray ;
 If, hapless chance ! they linger lang,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left the whitening flanes amang,
 In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet B**** came by,
 That, to a Bard, I should be seen
 Wi' half my channel dry :
 A panegyric ryme, I ween,
 Even as I was he shor'd me ;

But,

But had I in my glory been,

He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,

In twisting strength I rin ;

There, high my boiling torrent smokes,

Wild-roaring o'er a linn :

Enjoying large each spring and well

As Nature gave them me,

I am, altho' I say't mysel, .

Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please

To grant my highest wishes,

He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,

And bonie spreading bushes.

Delighted doubly then, my Lord,

You'll wander on my banks,

And listen mony a grateful bird

Return yon tuneful thanks.

The

The sober laverock, warbling wild,

Shall to the skies aspire ;

The gowdspink, Music's gayest child,

Shall sweetly join the choir :

The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,

The mavis mild and mellow ;

The robin pensive Autumn chear,

In all her locks of yellow,

This too, a covert shall ensure,

To shield them from the storm ;

And coward maukin sleep secure,

Low in her grassy form :

Here shall the shepherd make his seat,

To weave his crown of flow'rs ;

Or find a sheltering, safe retreat,

From prone-descending show'rs.

And

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loving pair,
 Despising worlds with all their wealth
 As empty idle care :

The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
 The hour of heav'n to grace,
 And birks extend their fragrant arms
 To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
 Some musing bard may stray,
 And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
 And misty mountain, grey ;
 Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
 Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
 Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
 Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep-bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed :
 Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, Old Scotia's darling hope,
 Your little angel band
 Spring, like their father's, up to prop
 Their honour'd native land !
 So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
 To social-flowing glasses
 The grace be——“ Athole's honest men,
 And Athole's bonie lasses !

On

On scaring some WATER-FOWL in LOCH-
TURIT, a wild scene among the HILLS of
OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye tenants of the lake,

For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?

Tell me, fellow-creatures, why

At my presence thus you fly?

Why disturb your social joys,

Parent, filial, kindred ties?—

Common friend to you and me,

Nature's gifts to all are free:

Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,

Busy feed, or wanton lave;

Or,

Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the furling billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below :
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong Necessity compels.
But Man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane——
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways ;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn ;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs ;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the
hills,

The eye with wonder and amazement fills;
The Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
The palace rising on his verdant side;
The lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native
taste;

The hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
The arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
The village glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * *

Poetic ardors in my bosom swell,
Lone wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell;
The sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
Th' incessant roar of headlong tumbling
floods—

* * * * *

Here Poesy might wake her heav'n-taught
lyre,

And look through Nature with creative fire;
Here,

Written with a PENCIL over the CHIMNEY-
PIECE, in the PARLOUR of the INN at
KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace ;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-funk glen di-
vides,
The woods, wild-scatter'd, clothe their ample
fides ;

The

Here, to the wrongs of Fate half reconcil'd,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander
 wild ;

And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
 Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward
 stretch her scan,

And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * *

Written.

Written with a PENCIL, standing by the FALL
of FYERS near LOCH-NESS.

AMONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
The roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods ;
Till full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
Where, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream
resounds.

As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet de-
scends,

And viewless Echo's ear, astonished, rends.

VOL. II.

L

Dim-seen,

Dim seen, through rising mists and ceaseless
flow'rs,

The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils——

* * * * *

On

On the BIRTH of a POSTHUMOUS CHILD,
born in peculiar Circumstances of FAMILY.

DISTRESS,

SWEET flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,

And ward o' mony a prayer,

What heart o' stane wad thou na move,

Sae helpless, fweet, and fair. .

November hirkles o'er the the lea,

Chill, on thy lovely form ;

And gane, alas ! the shelt'ring tree,

Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gives the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various founds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn :
Now, feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand !
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

THE
W H I S T L E.

A
B A L L A D.

As the authentic *Prose* history of the WHISTLE is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebo-

ny Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory.—The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton, ancestor to the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights, hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table, “And
“blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.”

Sir

Sir Walter, son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th October 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the Ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lowrie of Maxwelton ; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued ; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert ; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,

L 4

Was

Was brought to the court of our good Scottish
king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall
ring.

Old Loda*, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his
hall—

“ This Whistle’s your challenge, to Scotland

“ get o’er,

“ And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne’er see

“ me more !”

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur’d, what champions
fell ;

The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.

Till

* See Ossian’s Caric-thura.

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the
Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in
war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the
sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has
gain'd,
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd ;
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts
clear of flaw ;
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and
law ;

L 5

And

And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old
coins;

And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old
wines.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth
as oil,

Defiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;

Or else he would muster the heads of the
clan,

And once more, in claret, try which was
the man.

“ By the gods of the ancients!” Glenriddel
replies,

“ Before I surrender so glorious a prize,

“ I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie

“ More *,

“ And bumper his horn with him twenty

“ times o'er,”

Sir

* See Johnson's tour to the Hebrides.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or
his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the
field,
And knee-deep in claret, he'd die or he'd
yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes
repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care ;
But for wine and for welcome not more
known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste of a sweet
lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day ;

A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
 And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had
 been.

The dinner being over, the claret they
 ply,
 And ev'ry new cork is a new spring of
 joy ;
 In the bands of old friendship and kindred so
 set,
 And the bands grew the tighter the more
 they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran
 o'er ;
 Bright Phoebus ne'er witness'd so joyous a
 core,
 And vow'd that to leave them he was quite
 forlorn,
 Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the
night,
When gallant Sir Robert to finish the
fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of
red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ances-
tor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and
sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would
wage ;
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine !
He left the foul business to folks less di-
vine.

The

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the
end ;
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers
contend ?
Though Fate, said, a hero should perish in
light ;
So uprose bright Phoebus—and down fell
the knight.

Next uprose our Bard, like a prophet in
drink :—
“ Craigdarroch, thou’lt soar when creation
“ shall sink !
“ But if thou would flourish immortal in
“ rhyme,
“ Come—one bottle more—and have at the
“ sublime !

“ Thy

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom
 " with Bruce,
" Shall heroes and patriots ever produce :
" So thine be the laurel, and mine be the
 " bay ;
" The field thou hast won, by yon bright god
 " of day !"

F I N I S.



TH
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G L O S S A R Y.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong, *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A

A’, all
 Aback, away, aloof
 Aboon, above, up

Abeigh, at a shy distance
 Abreed, in breadth
 Abread, abroad, in sight
 Ae, one
 Aft, oft

Aften,

Aften, often
 Aff, off, *Aff loof*, unpremeditated
 Afore, before
 Agley, off the right line, wrong
 Aiblins, perhaps
 Aits, oats
 Airn, iron
 Aith, an oath
 Ain, own
 Aiver, an old horse
 Aizle, a hot cinder
 Alake, alas
 Alane, alone
 Amang, among
 Amaist, almost
 An', and, if
 Ane, one, an
 Ance, once
 Anither, another
 Artfu', artful
 Ase, ashes
 Asteer, abroad, stirring
 Auld, old
 Auld farran, or auld far-
 rant, sagacious, cunning,
 prudent
 Aught, eight, possession, as
in a' my aught, in all my
 possession
 Ava', at all
 Awa', away
 Awn, the beard of barley,
 oats, &c.
 Awnie, bearded
 Awfu', awful
 Awkart, awkward

Ayont, beyond

B.

B A', ball
 Bawf'nt, having a white
 stripe down the face
 Barket, barked
 Barkin, barking
 Baith, both
 Bane, bone
 Bainie, having large bones,
 stout
 Bardie, *diminutive* of bard
 Bauld, bold; *Bauldly*, boldly
 Barefit, barefooted
 Batch, a crew, a gang
 Batts, hotts
 Bade, endured, did stay
 Bang, an effort
 Bairn, a child
 Bairntime, a family of chil-
 dren, a brood
 Baudrons, a cat
 Barmie, of, or like barm
 Bank, a cross beam; *Bank-*
en', the end of a beam
 Bad, did bid
 Baggie, the belly
 Bashfu', bashful
 Backlins comin, coming
 back, returning
 Be, *to let be*, to give over,
 to cease
 Beuk, a book
 Behint, or behin', behind
 Be't, be it

Ben,

Ben, into the *spence* or parlour

Belyve, by and by

Beet, to add fuel to fire

Beastie, *dimin.* of beast

Benlomond, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire

Belly-fu', belly full

Bethankit, the grace after meat

Befa', to befall

Billie, a brother, a young fellow

Big, to build; *Biggit*, build-ed

Biggin, building, a house

Bicker, a kind of wooden dish, a short race

Birkie, a clever fellow

Bing, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.

Bill, a bull

Bizz, a bustle, to buzz

Birring, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring

Bit, crisis, nick of time

Bien, wealthy, plentiful

Biel, or bield, shelter

Blastit, blasted

Blastie, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt

Blink, a little while, a smiling look; to look kindly, to shine by fits

Blinker, a term of contempt

Blinkin, smirking

Bluid, blood; *Bluidy*, bloody

Blather, bladder

Blaw, to blow, boast

Blether, to talk idly: nonsense

Bleth'ren, talking idly

Blaud, a flat piece of any thing; to slap

Blate, bashful, sheepish

Bleezing, blazing

Blessin, blessing

Blusht, did blush

Blype, a shred, a large piece

Bleatin, bleating

Blue-gown, one of those beggars who get annually, on the King's birth-day, a blue cloke or gown with a badge

Bonie, or bony, handsome, beautiful

Bonilie, handsomely, beautifully

Bonnoek, a kind of thick cake of bread

Bother, to pother

Bodle, a small old coin

Boortrie, the shrub elder, planted much of old in hedges of barn-yards, &c.

Boord, a board

Botch, an angry tumour

Boost, behoved, must needs

Bow-kail, cabbage

Bow't, bended, crooked

Bock, to vomit, to gush intermittently

Bocked, gushed, vomited

Braw, fine, handsome

Brawly,

- Brawly, or brawlie, very well
 finely, heartily
 Breakin, breaking
 Brawnie, stout, brawny
 Brie, juice, liquid
 Brash, a sudden illness
 Brinstane, brimstone
 Breeks, breeches
 Brugh, a burgh
 Bruft, to burst
 Brither, a brother
 Braid, broad
 Brats, coarse clothes, rags
 Breathin, breathing
 Branks, a kind of wooden
 curb for horses
 Brig, a bridge
 Broo, broth, liquid, water
 Brewin, brewing
 Brogue, a hum, a trick
 Brak, broke, made insol-
 vent
 Breef, an invulnerable or
 irresistible spell
 Brunt, did burn
 Brae, a declivity, a precipice,
 the slope of a hill
 Brachens, fern
 Broose, a race at country
 weddings who shall first
 reach the bridegroom's
 house on returning from
 church
 Brattle, a short race, hurry,
 fury
 Braindge, to run rashly for-
 ward
 Braind'gt, reeled forward
 Brisket, the breast, the bo-
 som
 Breastit, did spring up or
 forward
 Breastie, *dimin.* of breast
 Braik, a kind of harrow
 Braxie, a morkin sheep, &c.
 Bruilzie, a broil, a combus-
 tion
 Buirdly, stout-made, broad-
 built
 Bum-clock, a humming
 beetle that flies in the
 summer evenings
 Bummin, humming as bees
 Burn, water, a rivulet
 Burnie, *dimin.* of burn
 Burnewin, *i. e.* burn the wind,
 a blacksmith
 Bustle, a bustle; to bustle
 But an' ben, the country
 kitchen and parlour
 Buskit, dressed
 Bummle, to blunder
 Bummler, a blunderer
 Buckskin, an inhabitant of
 Virginia
 But, without
 Bure, did bear
 Byre, a cow-stable
 By himself, lunatic, distract-
 ed
 C
 CA', to call, to name, to
 drive
 Ca't or ca'd, called, driven
 calved
 Ca-

- Careffin, careffing
 Cauld, cold
 Cantie, or canty, chearful,
 merry
 Caup, a wooden drinking
 vessel
 Carline, a stout old woman
 Cannie, gentle, mild, dex-
 trous
 Cannilie, dextrously, gently
 Cadie, or caddie, a person,
 a young fellow
 Caller, fresh, found
 Cam, did come
 Canna, cannot
 Carryin, carrying
 Cantharidian, made of can-
 tharides
 Calf-ward, a small inclosure
 for calves
 Cairn, a loose heap of stones
 Caudron, a caldron
 Cantraip, a charm, a spell
 Cap-stane, cope stone, key-
 stone
 Caird, a tinker
 Caff, chaff
 Careerin, chearfully
 Cartes, cards
 Cadger, a carrier
 Callan, a boy
 Chap, a person, a fellow, a
 blow
 Chiel, or cheel, a young fel-
 low
 Chow, to chew; *cheek for*
chow, side by side
 Chuffie, fat-faced
 Chantin, chanting
 Chanter, a part of a bagpipe
 Cheep, a chirp; to chirp
 Chockin, choking
 Chearfu', chearful
 Chimla or chimlie, a fire-
 grate
 Chimla-lug, the fire side
 Cheekit, checked
 Chittering, shivering, trem-
 bling
 Clash, an idle tale, the story
 of the day
 Claw, to scratch
 Claife or claes, cloaths
 Claith, cloth, *claitbing*, cloath-
 ing
 Clinkin, jerking, clinking
 Clinkumbell, who rings the
 church bell
 Clachan, a small village a-
 bout a church, a hamlet
 Clishmaclaver, idle conversa-
 tion
 Cloot, the hoof of a cow,
 sheep, &c.
 Clootie, an old name for the
 devil
 Clips, sheers
 Claut, to clean, to scrape
 Clauted, scraped
 Clarkit, wrote
 Clap, clapper of a mill
 Cleed, to clothe
 Clatter, to tell little idle
 stories; an idle story
 Clour, a bump or swelling
 after a blow
 Clock,

- Clock, to hatch ; a beetle
 Clockin, hatching
 Collie, a general, and some-
 times a particular name for
 country curs
 Comin, coming
 Cotter, the inhabitant of a
cot house or cottage
 Cood, the cud
 Cog, a wooden dish
 Coggie, *dimin.* of cog
 Cowe, to terrify, to keep un-
 der, to lop ; a fright, a
 branch of furze, broom,
 &c.
 Commaun, command
 Cozie, snug ; *coziely*, snugly
 Cowp, to barter, to tumble
 over ; a gang
 Cowpit, tumbled
 Cove, a cave
 Cootie, wooden kitchen dish,
also those fowls, whose legs
are clad with feathers, are
said to be cootie
 Coost, did cast
 Cowte, a colt
 Coof, a blockhead, a ninny
 Core, corps, party, clan
 Couthie, kind, loving
 Cookit, appeared and disap-
 peared by fits
 Coble, a fishing boat
 Corn't, fed with oats
 Cowrin, cowering
 Coaxin, wheedling
 COILA, from Kyle, a dis-
 trict of Ayrshire, so cal-
 led, faith tradition, from
 Coil or Coilus, a Pictish
 monarch
 Crack, conversation ; to con-
 verse
 Crackin, conversing
 Crabbit, crabbed, fretful
 Crouse, chearfully, courage-
 ous
 Crouslly, chearfully, courage-
 ously
 Crank, the noise of an un-
 greased wheel
 Crankous, fretful, *capious*
 Crushin, crushing, crusht,
 crushed
 Crap, a crop, the top
 Cronie, crony
 Crowdietime, breakfasttime
 Crump, hard and brittle, *spo-*
ken of bread
 Croon, a hollow continued
 moan ; to make a noise
 like the continued roar of
 a bull, to hum a tune
 Crooning, humming
 Creeshie, greefy
 Craft or croft, a field near a
 house, *in old husbandry*
 Creel, a basket ; *to have one's*
wit in a creel, to be craz'd,
 to be fascinated
 Craw, a crow of a cock, a rook
 Crouchie, crook backed
 Cranreuch, the hoar frost
 Crambo

Cram
 jing
 ver
 Crowl
 Creepi
 Crood
 dove
 Crunt,
 with
 Cuif,
 Curch
 Curmu
 sligh
 Curlin
 on i
 Curler
 Curpin
 Cumm
 a cr
 Curlie
 falls
 Cusha
 pig

D
 Daffin
 nefe
 Daurg
 labo
 Dawd
 Daud
 Dawt
 care
 Daint
 mor
 Danci

Crambo-clink, or crambo-
jingle, rhymes, doggrel
verses

Crowlin, crawling

Creepin, creeping

Crood or croud, to coo as a
dove

Crunt, a blow on the head
with a cudgel

Cuif, a blockhead, a ninny

Curchie, a courtesy

Curmurring, murmuring a
slight rumbling noise

Curling, a well know game
on ice

Curler, a player at ice

Curpin, the crupper

Cummock, a short staff with
a crooked head

Curlie, curled, whose hair
falls naturally in ringlets

Cushat, the dove or wood
pigeon

D

DAFT, merry, giddy,
foolish

Daffin, merriment, foolish-
ness

Daurg, or daurk, a day's
labour

Dawd, a large piece

Daud, to thrash, to abuse

Dawtit or dawtet, fondled,
caressed

Dainty, pleasant, good hu-
moured, agreeable

Dancin, dancing

Darklins, darkling

Daur, to dare, *daur't*, dared

Dappl't, dappled

Daimen, rare, now and then;
daimen-icker, an ear of
corn now and then

Daddie, a father

Dearies, *dimin.* of dears

Dearthfu', dear

Deil-ma-care! no matter!
for all that!

Deave, to deafen

Devle, a stunning blow

Deleeret, delirious

Deservin, deserving

Delvin, delving

Describe, to describe

Disrespecket, disrespected

Dizzen, or diz'n, a dozen

Dirl, a slight tremulous
stroke or pain

Ding, to worst, to push

Dinna, do not

Dight, to wipe to clean
corn from chaff; cleaned
from chaff

Dimpl't, dimpled

Dizzie, dizzy, giddy

Doited, stupified, hebetated

Dolt, stupified, crazed

Douce br douse, sober, wise,
prudent

Doucely, soberly, prudent-
ly

Dorty, saucy, nice

Dow, am or are able, to can

Downa, am or are not able,
cannot

Drought

Dought, was or were able

Dolefu' doleful

Doure, stout, durable, stubborn, fullen

Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue, &c.

Donlie, unlucky

Dowff, pithless, wanting force

Dool, sorrow ; to *sing dool*, to lament, to mourn

Drap, a drop ; to drop

Dropping, dropping

Drumbly, muddy

Drucken, drunken

Drouth, thirst, drought

Drinkin, drinking

Dryin, drying

Dreep, to ooze, to drop

Dreeping, oozing, dropping

Drift, a drove

Drunt, pet, sour humour

Dreadfu', dreadful

Droop-rumpl't, that droops at the crupper

Dribble, drizzling, flaver

Drummock, meal and water mixed raw

Droddum, the breech

Dub, a small pond

Düds, rags, clothes

Duddie, ragged

Dung, worsted, pushed, driven

Dush, to push *as a ram*, &c.

Dusht, pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E

E' the eye, een, the eyes
Eerie, frighted, *dread-
ing spirits*

E'enin, evening

Eild, old age

Elbuck, the elbow

Eldritch, ghastly, frightful

En', end

ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH

Eneugh, enough

Ensuin, ensuing

Especial, especially

Eydent, diligent

F

FA', fall, let ; to fall

Fae, a foe,

Faithfu', faithful

Fash, trouble, care ; to trouble, to care for

Fash't, troubled

Fawfont, decent, seemly

Faem, foam

Farl, a cake of bread

Fairin, a fairing, a present

Fareweel, farewell

Fallow, fellow

Faut, fault

Faddom't, fathomed

Fac't, faced

Fatthrals, ribbon ends, &c.

Fastren een, Fastens Even

Fand, did find

Fauld

Fa
Fa
Fen
a
t
Fec
f
Fen
Fei
Fea
Fea
Feto
Feto
Feg
Fech
ft
Fech
Fell,
in
fk
on
hi
Fien
Fizz
no
Fit,
Fittie
of
the
Fier,
the
Fidge
Fidgi
Fille,
noi
Flatte
Vol.

Fauld, a fold ; to fold
 Faulding, folding
 Ferlie or ferly, to wonder ;
 a wonder, a term of con-
 tempt
 Fecht, to fight ; *fechtin*,
 fighting
 Fend, to live comfortably
 Feide, feud, enmity
 Feat, neat, spruce
 Fear't, frightened
 Fearfu', frightful
 Fetch, to pull by fits
 Fetch't, pulled intermittently
 Feg, a fig
 Feckfu', large, brawny,
 stout
 Feckless, puny, weak, silly
 Fell, keen, biting : the flesh
 immediately under the
 skin ; a field pretty level
 on the side or top of a
 hill
 Fient, fiend, *a petty oath*
 Fizz, to make a hissing
 noise like fermentation
 Fit, a foot
 Fittie-lan', the near horse
 of the hindmost pair in
 the plough
 Fier, sound, healthy ; a bro-
 ther, a friend
 Fidge, to fidget
 Fidgin, fidgeting
 Fisse, to make a rustling
 noise, to fidget ; a bustle
 Flatterin', flattering

Fleg, a kick, a random
 blow
 Flunkie, a servant in livery
 Fley, to scare, to frighten
 Fley'd, frightened, scared
 Flyin, flying
 Fleeish, a fleece
 Flingin-tree, a piece of tim-
 ber hung by way of par-
 titition between two horses
 in a stable, a stall
 Flisk, to fret at the yoke
 Fliskit, fretted
 Flichter, to flutter *as young*
nestlings when their dam
approaches
 Flichterin, fluttering
 Flinders, sherds, broken pic-
 ces
 Fleech, to supplicate in a
 flattering manner
 Fleechin, supplicating
 Flainen, flannel
 Flether, to decoy by fair
 words
 Fletherin, flattering
 Flitter, to vibrate like the
 wings of small birds
 Flittering, fluttering, vibra-
 ting
 Forgether, to meet, to en-
 counter with
 Fou', full, drunk
 Foughten, troubled, harassed
 Formin, forming
 Forbye, besides
 Forfairn, distressed, wornout,
 jaded

Foord, a ford
 Forbears, forefathers
 Foamin, foaming
 Fow, a bushel, &c.
 Forgie, to forgive
 Forjesket, jaded with fatigue
 Frae, from
 Freath, froth
 Frien', friend
 Fu', full
 Fur, a furrow
 Furm, a form, bench
 Fud, the scout of the hare,
 coney, &c.
 Fuff, to blow intermittently
 Fuff't, did blow
 Funnie, full of merriment
 Fyle, to soil, to dirty
 Fyl't, soiled, dirtied
 Fyfteen, fifteen
 Fyke, trifling cares; to pid-
 dle, to be in a fufs about
 trifles

G

GAB, the mouth; to
 speak boldly or pertly
 Gang, to go, to walk
 Gash, wife, sagacious, talka-
 tive: to converse
 Gashin, conversing
 Gaucy, jolly, large
 Gae, to go, *gaed*, went, *gaen*
 or *gane*, gone, *gaun*, go-
 ing

Gaet or gate, way, manner,
 road
 Gatherin, gathering
 Gar, to make, to force to
 Gar't, forced to
 Garten, a garter,
 Geordie, a guinea
 Gear, riches, goods of any
 kind
 Gentles, great folks
 Get, a child, a young one
 Geck, to toss the head in
 wantonness or scorn
 Ged, a pike
 Gie, to give, *Gied*, gave,
 Gi'en, given
 Gimmer, a ewe from one to
 two years old
 Gin, if, against
 Gizz, a periwig
 Girn, to grin, to twist the
 features in rage, agony,
 &c.
 Girnin, grinning
 Gipsey, a young girl
 Gillie, *dimin.* of gill
 Giftie, *dimin.* of gift
 Ghast, a ghost
 Gloamin, the twilight
 Glunch, a frown: to frown
 Glib-gabbet, that speaks
 smoothly and readily
 Glint, to peep; *Glinted*, peep-
 ed; *Glintin*, peeping
 Glowr, to stare, to look; a
 stare, a look
 Glowr'd, looked, stared
 Glowring, staring

G laikit

- Glaikit, inattentive, foolish
 Gleg, sharp, ready
 Glaizie, glittering, smooth,
 like a glass
 Gley, a squint; to squint,
 Agley, off at a side,
 wrong
 Gowan, the flower of the
 daisy, dandelion, hawk-
 weed, &c.
 Gowk, a cuckoo, a term of
 contempt
 Gowl, to howl
 Gowling, howling
 Gowd, gold
 Gowff, the game of golf; to
 strike, *as the bat does the*
 ball at golf
 Gowff'd, struck
 Grane or grain, a groan;
 to groan
 Grain'd, groaned
 Graining, groaning
 Grushie, thick, of thriving
 growth
 Great, intimate, familiar
 Grievin, grieving
 Graith, accoutrements, fur-
 niture, dress
 Gruntle, the phiz, a grunt-
 ing noise
 Gracefu', graceful
 Greet, to shed tears, to weep
 Greetin, crying, weeping
 Gree't, agreed
 Grannie, a grandmother
 Gracefu', graceful

- Grape, to grope, *grapis*,
 groped
 Grippet, caught, seized
 Graip, a pronged instrument
 for cleaning stables
 Grumphie, a sow
 Grumph, a grunt; to grunt
 Grousome, loathsomely, grim
 Grunstone, a grindstone
 Grozet, a gooseberry
 Grisle, gristle
 Gratefu', grateful
 Gree, to agree, *to bear the*
 gree, to be decidedly victor
 Grun', ground
 Groat, *to get the whistle of*
 one's groat, to play a losing
 game
 GUDE, the SUPREME BEING;
 good
 Gusty, tasteful
 Gully or gullie, a large
 knife
 Guid, good, *Guid mornin*,
 good morrow, *Guid ein*,
 good evening
 Guidman and *Guidwife*, the
 master and mistress of the
 house; *Youn Guidman*, a
 man newly married
 Guidfather, guidmother, fa-
 ther-in-law and mother-
 in-law
 Gumlie, muddy

H

HA', hall
 Hae, to have
 Haen, had, *the participle*
 Hame, home, *Homeward*,
 homeward
 Hamely, homely, affable
 Han' or haun', hand
 Haith, a petty oath
 Haet, *sient haet*, a petty oath
 of negation, nothing
 Haughs, low-lying, rich
 lands, valleys
 Hash, a sot
 Haud, to hold
 Hale, whole, tight, healthy
 Hap-step an-lowp, hop, skip,
 and leap
 Hap, an outer garment,
 mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap
 to cover, to hop
 Happing, hopping
 Hassins, nearly half, partly
 Hain, to spare, to save,
hain'd, spared
 Hawkie, a cow, *properly one*
with a white face
 Hal' or hald, an abiding place
 Havins, good manners, de-
 corum, good sense
 Harkit, harkened
 Happer, a hopper
 Hag, a scar or gulf in mosses
 and moors
 Haverel, a half-witted per-
 son; half-witted

Hairst, harvest
 Hauri, to drag, to peel
 Haurlin, peeling
 Hastit, hastened
 Hallan, a particular parti-
 tion wall in a cottage
 Ha' bible, the great bible
 that lies in the hall
 Haffet, the temple, the side
 of the head
 Haggis, a kind of pudding
 boiled in the stomach of
 a cow or sheep
 Hech! Oh! strange
 Hearse, hoarse
 Het, hot
 Hersel, herself
 Herrin, a herring
 Herry, to plunder, *most pro-*
perly to plunder birds nests
 Herryment, plnndering, de-
 vastation
 Heugh, a crag, a coal-pit
 Heeze, to elevate, to raise
 Heather, heath
 Hecht, to foretel something
 that is to be got or given;
 foretold; the thing foretold
 Heapit, heaped
 Herd, to tend flocks; one
 who tends flocks
 Healsome, healthful, whole-
 some
 Hear't, hear it
 Helim, the rudder or helm
 Himsel, himself
 Hizzie, huffy, a young girl
 Hirple,

Hirple, to walk crazily, to
creep, *Hirplin*, creeping

Hing, to hang

Hitch, a loop, a knot

Hilch, to hobble, to halt

Hilchin, halting

Histie, dry, chapt, barren

Hissel, so many cattle as one
person can attend

Howk, to dig, *Howkit*, dig-
ged, *Howkin*, digging

Howdie, a midwife

Hoddin, the motion of a
sage country man riding
on a cart horse

Hornie, one of the many
names of the Devil

Houghmagandie, fornica-
tion

Howe, hollow; a hollow,
or dell

Howe-backit, sunk in the
back, *spoken of a horse*, &c.

Hove, to heave, swell

Hov'd, heaved, swelled

Hoyse, a pull upwards

Hoord, a hoard: to hoard

Hoordet, hoarded

Hoolie, slowly, leisurely;

Hoolie! take leisure! stop!

Holt, or holt, to cough,

Hoslin, coughing

Hog score, a kind of dis-
tance line, in curling,
drawn across the *rink*

Hoy, to urge, *Hoy't*, urged

Hool, outer skin or case

Hoyte, to amble crazily

Houfie, *dimin.* of house

Horn, a spoon made of
horn

Hog-shouther, a kind of
horse play by jussling with
the shoulder; to jussle

Hurdies, the ~~loins~~, the crup-
per

Hughoc, *dimin.* of Hugh

I

I', In

I ter oe, a great grand
child

Icker, an ear of corn

Ilk or ilka, each, every

Ill willie, ill natured, mali-
cious, niggardly

Indentin, indenting

Ingle, fire, fire place

Engine, genius, ingenuity

I'se, I shall or will

Ither, other, one another

J

JAD, jade; also a familiar
term among country
folks for a giddy young
girl

Jaup, a jerk of water; to
jerk as agitated water

Jauk, to dally, to trifle

Jaukin, trifling, dallying

Jaw, coarse raillery; to pour
out, to spurt, to jerk, *as*
water

Jink,

Jink, to dodge, to turn a corner; a sudden turning a corner

Jinkin, dodging

Jinker, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag

Jimp, to jump; slender in the waist, handsome

Jillet, a jilt, a giddy girl

Jirt, a jerk

Jinglin, jingling

Jow, *to jow*, a verb, which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell

Jouk, to stoop, to bow the head

Joeteleg, a kind of knife

Jokin, joking

Joyfu', joyful

Jundie, to juggle

Jumpit, did jump

Jumpin, jumping

K

KAE, a daw
Kain, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer

Kail, colewort, a kind of broth

Kail runt, the stem of the colewort

Kebbuck, a cheese

Ken, to know, *kend* or *ken't* knew

Kennin, a small matter

Keek, a peep; to peep

Keepit, kept

Kelpies, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms

Ket, a matted, hairy fleece of wool

Kin', kind

Kilt, to truss up the cloaths

Kirn, the harvest supper, a churn; to churn

Kitchen, any thing that eats with bread; to serve for soup, gravy, &c.

Kittle, to tickle; ticklish, likely

Kittlin, a young cat

King's hood, a certain part of the entrails of an ox, &c.

Kin, kindred

Kindle, to cuddle

Kintlin, cuddling

Kiaugh, carking anxiety

Kirsen, to christen

Kimmer, a young girl, a gossip

Kist, chest, a shop counter

Knaggie, like *knags* or points of rocks

Kuappin-hammer, a hammer for breaking stones

Knowe, a small round hillock

Kye, cows

Kythe, to discover, to show one's self

KYLE, a district of Ayrshire

Kyte, the belly

L

LAN, land, estate
 Lang, long, *to think*
lang, to long, to weary
 Lap, did leap
 Lampit, a kind of shell-fish
 Laverock, the lark
 Lambie, *dimin.* of lamb
 Laughin, laughing
 Lawfu', lawful
 Lapfu', lapful
 Laigh, low
 Lane, lone, *my lane, thy lane*,
 &c. *my self alone*, &c.
thysself alone, &c.
 Lanely, lonely
 Lawlan, Lowland, *Lallans*,
 Scottish dialect
 Laggen, the angle between
 the side and bottom of a
 wooden dish
 Lave, the rest, the remain-
 der, the others
 Laith, loath
 Laithfu', bashful, sheepish,
 Lairing, wading, and sink-
 ing in snow, mud, &c.
 Laddie, *dimin.* of lad
 Lee-lang, live long
 Leuk, a look, to look
 Leeze me, a phrase of con-
 gratulatory endearment
 Lear, *pronounce* lare, learn-
 ing
 Lea'e, to leave
 Leister, a three pronged
 dart for striking fish
 Leugh, did laugh

Leal, loyal, true, faithful
 Lightly, sneeringly, to sneer
 at
 Limmer, a kept mistress; a
 strumpet
 Livin, living
 Link, to trip along
 Linkin, tripping
 Limp't, limp'd, hobbled
 Linn, a water-fall
 Lint, flax, *lint i' the bell*, flax
 in flower
 Lilt, a ballad, a tune; to
 sing
 Lintwhite, a linnet
 Loan, the place of milking
 Loof, the palm of the hand
 Looves, *plural of loof*
 Lowe, a flame
 Lowin, flaming
 Lowse, to loose
 Lowf'd, loosed,
 Loot, did let
 Loun, a fellow, a ragamuf-
 fin, a woman of easy vir-
 tue
 Lowrie, *abbreviation of Law-*
rence
 Lug, the ear, a handle
 Lugget, having a handle
 Luggie, a small wooden
 dish with a handle
 Lunt, a column of smoke;
 to smoke
 Luntin, smoking
 Lunch, a large piece of
 cheese, flesh, &c.
 Lum, the chimney

Lyart, of a mixed colour,
grey

M

MAE, more
Maist, most, almost
Maistly, mostly
Maun, must
Mair, more
Mak, to make, *makin*, making
Mash'um, messin, mixed corn
Manteele, a mantle
Maw, to mow, *maevin*, mowing
Maukin, a hare
Mallie, Molly
Mar's year, the rebellion
A. D. 1715
Mark, marks, *this and several other nouns, which in English, require an s to form the plural, are in Scots like the words sheep, deer, the same in both numbers,*
Mask, to mash, *as malt*, &c.
Maskin pat, a tea pot
Mang, among
Mavis, the thrush
Mell, to meddle
Men', to amend
Messin, a small dog
Melvie, to soil with meal
Menfe, good manners, decorum

Menseless, ill-bred, rude, impudent

Melancholious, mournful

Meere, a mare

Mither, a mother

Mixte-maxtie, confusedly mixed

Mim, prim, affectedly, meek

Mindfu', mindful

Mishear'd, mischievous, un-mannerly

Misca', to abuse, to call names

Misca'd, abused

Min', mind, remembrance

Mind't, mind it, resolved, intending

Middin, a dunghill

Middin hole, a gutter at the bottom of the dunghill

Minnie, mother, dam

Misteuk, mistook

Morn, the next day, to morrow

Moudiwort, a mole

Mony, or monie, many

Moistify, to moisten

Mournfu', mournful

Moop, to nibble as a sheep

Mottie, full of motes

Mou, the mouth

Mousie, *dimin.* of mouse

Moorlan, of or belonging to moors

Muckle or mickle, great, big, much

Mutchkin, an English pint
Muslin,

Mullin kail, broth composed
simply of water, shelled
barley and greens
Musie, *dimin.* of muse
Myfel, myself

N

NA, no, not, nor
Nae, no, not, any
Nane, none
Naething, or naithing, no-
thing
Naig, a horse
Neebor, a neighbour
Needfu', needful
Negleckit, neglected
Neuk, nook
Niest, next
Nieve, the fist
Nievesu', handful
Niger, a negroe
Nine-tailed cat, a hangman's
whip
Niffer, an exchange; to ex-
change, to barter
Nit, a nut
Nowte, black cattle
Norland, of or belonging to
the North
Notic't, noticed
Nor-west, North-west

O

O', of
Observin, observing

Ony, or onie, any
Or, *is often used for ere*, be-
fore
O't of it
Ourie, shivering, drooping
Oursel, or oursels, ourselves
Outler, not housed
Owre, over, too
Owre hip, a way of fetch-
ing a blow with a ham-
mer over the arm

P

PACK, intimate, fami-
liar; twelve stones of
wool
Painch, paunch
Parritch, oatmeal pudding, a
well known Scots dish
Pang, to cram
Paukie, cunning, sly
Paughty, proud, haughty
Paitrick, a partridge
Pat, did put; a pot
Pay't, paid, beat
Pattle, or pettle, a plough
staff
Pech, to fetch the breath
short as in an asthma
Pechan, the crop, the sto-
mach
Pettle, to cherish; a plough-
staff
Pet, a domesticated sheep,
&c.
Peelin, peeling
Pensivelie,

Pensivelie, pensively
 Phraise, fair speeches, flattery; to flatter
 Phraisin, flattery
 Pit, to put
 Pine, pain, uneasiness
 Pickle, a small quantity
 Platie, *dimin.* of plate
 Plack, an old Scotch coin
 Plackless, pennyless
 Pliskie, a trick
 Plew or plough, a plow
 Plumpit, did plump
 Placad, a public proclamation
 Poortith, poverty
 Powther or pouter, powder
 Pouthery, like powder
 Pouk, to pluck
 Pou, to pull
 Pou't, did pull
 Pouffie, a hare or cat
 Pownie, a little horse
 Pow, the head, the skull
 Pout, a poult, a chicken
 Prayin, praying
 Pridefu', proud, saucy
 Proveles, provosts
 Prig, to cheapen, to dispute
 Priggin, cheapening
 Pryin, prying
 Prief, proof
 Prent, printing
 Propone, to lay down, to propose
 Primfie, demure, precise
 Prie, to taste
 Prie'd, tasted

Preen, a pin
 Pund, pound, pounds
 Puddin, pudding
 Pyle, *a pile o' chaff*, a single grain of chaff

Q .
 QUAT, to quit
 Quak, to quake
 Quakin, quaking
 Quey, a cow from one year to two years old

R
 RAM-fee'z'd, fatigued, overspread
 Rantin, ranting
 Ramblin, rambling
 Rattlin, rattling
 Raucle, rash, stout, fearless
 Raw, a row
 Raible, to rattle nonsense
 Rair, to roar, *rair't*, roared, *rairing*, roaring
 Rax, to stretch
 Rash, a rush; *rash burs*, a bush of rushes
 Ram-stam, forward, thoughtless
 Rarely, excellent, very well
 Ragweed, the plant ragwort
 Ratton, a rat
 Raught, reached
 Raize, to madden, to inflame
 Ree, half-drunk, fuddled
 Ream,

Ream, cream
 Reek, smoke; to smoke;
reekin, smokin, reekit,
 smoked, smoky
 Receivin, receiving
 Red-wud, stark mad
 Remead, remedy
 Remarkin, remarking
 Rest, to stand restive
 Restit, stood restive, flunt-
 ed, withered
 Requite, requitted
 Restricked, restricted
 Reck, to heed
 Rede, counsel, to counsel
 Refus't, refused
 Rin to run, to melt; *runin,*
 running
 Ridin, riding
 Rip, a handful of unthresh-
 ed corn, &c.
 Rink, the course of the stones,
a term in curling
 Riskit, made a noise like the
 tearing of roots
 Rig, a ridge
 Rowte, to low, to bellow
 Rowtin, lowing
 Rowth, plenty
 Roupet, hoarse *as with a cold*
 Row, to roll, to wrap
 Row't, rolled, wrapped
 Roamin, roaming
 Rood *stands likewise for the*
plural roods
 Roun', round, in the circle
 of neighbourhood

Roose, to praise, to com-
 mend
 Rozet, rosin
 Roon, a shred
 Rung, a cudgel
 Runkld, wrinkled
 Runt, the stem of colewort
 or cabbage
 Rustlin, rustling
 Rhymin, rhyming

S

SAE, so
 Sang, a song
 Sair, to serve, a sore
 Sairlie or fairlie, sorely
 Sair't, served
 Saul, soul
 Saunt, a saint
 Sark, a shirt
 Sarkit, provided in shirts
 Saft, soft
 Saw, to sow
 Sawin, sowing
 Sax, six
 Saut, salt; *sauted, salted*
 Saumont, salmon
 Saugh, the willow
 Scone, a kind of bread
 Scrieve, to glide swiftly a-
 long
 Scrievin, gleesomely, swiftly
 Screechin, screeching
 Screed, to tear; a rent
 Scar,

- Sear, to scare
 Scauld, to scold; *scaulding*,
 scolding
 Scawl, a scold
 Scaud, to scald
 Scaur, apt to be scared
 Scornfu', scornful
 Scrimp, to scant; *scrimpet*,
 did scant, scanty
 Sconner, a lothing; to lothe
 Scaich, to scream *as a hen*
 partridge, &c.
 Scaichin, screaming
 Sel, self; *a body's sel*, one's
 self alone
 Sets, *sets off*, goes away
 See'd, did see
 Settlin, settling; *to get a*
 settlin, to be frightened into
 quietness.
 Sell't, did sell
 Seizin, seizing
 Servan', servant
 Sen', to send, *sen's*, send it
 Shaw, to show; a small
 wood in a hollow place
 Sheugh, a ditch, a trench
 Shootin, shooting
 Shouther, the shoulder
 Shoon, shoes
 Sheep shank, *to think one's*
 self nae sheep shank, to be
 conceited
 Shore, to offer, to threaten
 Shor'd, offered
 Shangan, a stick cleft at one
 end for putting the tail
 of a dog, &c. into, by
 way of mischief, or to
 frighten him away
 Shaver, a humorous wag,
 a barber
 Shog, a shock
 Sheen, bright, shining
 Sherra moor, Sherriff moor,
 the famous battle fought in
 the Rebellion, A. D. 1715
 Shool, a shovel
 Shaird, a shred, a shard
 Shill shrill
 Sic, such
 Simmer, summer
 Siller, silver, money
 Sittin, sitting
 Sin', since
 Sin, a son
 Sicker, sure, steady
 Sinfu', sinful
 Sidelins, sidelong, slanting
 Sinkin, sinking
 Skreigh, a scream; to scream
 Skaith, to damage, to injure,
 injury
 Sklent, slant; to run a slant,
 to deviate from truth
 Sklented, ran or hit in an
 oblique direction
 Sklentin, slanting
 Skelpi-limmer, a technical
 term in female scolding
 Skiegh, proud, nice, high-
 mettled
 Skirl, to skriek, to cry shrilly
 Skirl't, shrieked
 Skirling, shrieked
 Skirkling, shrieking, crying
 Skelp,

Skelp, to strike, to slap; to
walk with a smart trip-
ping step; a smart stroke
Skelpin, stappin, walking
smartly
Slaw, flow
Slac, sloe
Slap, a gate, a breach in a
fence
Slade, did slide
Slee, fly, *fleepest*, flyest
Slype, to fall over *as a wet
furrow from the plough*
Slypet, fell
Sleekeit, sleek
Slidderly, slippery
Sma', small
Smiddy, smithy
Smytrie, a numerous collec-
tion of small individuals
Smoor, to smother; *smoor'd*,
smothered
Smoutie, smutty, obscene,
ugly
Smeddum, dust, powder;
mettle, sense
Snaw, snow; to snow
Snawie, snowie
Snaw-broo, melted snow
Snash, abuse, Billingsgate
Sneeshin, snuff; *sneeshin mill*,
snuff-box
Snowk, to scent or snuff *as
a dog, horse, &c.*
Snowkit, scented, snuffed
Snick drawing, trick-con-
triving
Snick, the latchet of a door

Snoove, to go smoothly and
constantly, to sneak
Snoov't, went smoothly
Snell, bitter, biting
Sned, to lop, to cut off
Snool, one whose spirit is
broken with oppressive fla-
very; to submit tamely,
to sneak
Sonfie, having, sweet, enga-
ging looks; lucky, jolly
Sowther, folder; to folder,
to cement
Souple, flexible, swift
Soom, to swim
Sowp, a spoonful, a small
quantity of any thing li-
quid
Sobbin, sobbing
Sowth, to try over a tune
with a low whistle
Sooth, truth, a petty oath
Souter, a shoemaker
Spaul, a limb
Speakin, speaking
Spier, to ask, to enquire
Spier't, enquired
Spunk, fire, mettle, wit
Spunkie, mettlesome, fiery;
will o' wisp or ignis fatuus
Sportin, sporting
Spak, did speak
Springin, springing
Speel, climb
Spleuchan, a tobacco pouch
Speat, a sweeping torrent
after rain or thaw
Spairge,

- Spairge, to dash, to soil *as with mire*
 Spitefu', spiteful
 Spence, the country parlour
 Spae, to prophesy, to divine
 Sprit, a tough-rooted plant something like rushes
 Sprittie, full of sprits
 Sprattle, to scramble
 Sparin, sparing
 Spaviet, haying the spavin
 Spreckl'd, spotted, speckled
 Splore, a frolic, a riot, a noise
 Splatter, a splutter; to sputter
 Spring, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel
 Squad, a crew, a party
 Squeel, a scream, a screech; to scream
 Squatter, to flutter in water *as a wild duck. &c.*
 Squattle, to sprawl
 Stan', to stand; *stan't*, did stand
 Stane, a stone
 Stroan, to spout, to piss
 Stroan't, spouted, pissed
 Stents, tribute, dues of any kind
 Steek, to shut; a stitch
 Stech, to cram the belly
 Stechin, cramming
 Startle, to run *as cattle flung by the gadfly*
 Steer, to molest, to stir
 Sturt, trouble; to molest
 Sturtin, frightened
 Studdie, an anvil
 Stell, a still
 Stoup or stowp, a kind of jug or dish with a handle
 Straik, to stroke; *strik*, stroked
 Stampin, stamping
 Stacher, to stagger
 Stap, stop
 Strae, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed
 Strack, did strike
 Stack, a rick of corn, hay &c.
 Streek, stretched, to stretch
streekit, stretched
 Staumrel, halfwitted
 Stoure, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion
 Stink, a cow or bullock a year old
 Stot, an ox
 Stoor, sounding hollow, strong and hoarse
 Straught, straight
 Stock, a plant of colewort, cabbage, &c.
 Starvin, starving
 Stringin, stringing
 Startin, starting
 Staw, did steal; to surfeit
 Stown, stolen
 Stowlins, by stealth
 Stuff, corn or pulse of any kind
 Stibble,

Stibble, stubble, *sibble rig*,
 the reaper, in harvest,
 who takes the lead
 Strunt, spiritous liquor of
 any kind; to walk sturdily
 Staggy, *dimin.* of stag
 Steeve, firm, compacted
 Stank, a pool of standing
 water
 Stark, stout
 Stey, steep, *steyest*, steepest
 Sten, to rear as a horse
 Sten't, reared
 Stimpert, the eighth part of
 a Winchester bushel
 Strappan, tall and hand-
 some
 Strewin, strewing
 Stilt, a crutch; to halt, to
 limp
 Stockin, stocking
 Stumpie, *dimin.* of stump
 Striddle, to straddle
 Stick an' stow, totally, al-
 together
 Sucker, sugar
 Sugh, the continued rush-
 ing noise of wind or
 water
 Suthron, southern, an old
 name for the English
 nation
 Sud, should
 Swap, an exchange; to
 barter
 Swirl, a curve, an eddying
 blast or pool, a knot in
 wood

Swirlie knaggy, full of knots
 Swither, to hesitate in
 choice; an irresolute wa-
 vering in choice
 Swank, stately, jolly
 Swankie, or swanker, a tight
 strapping young fellow or
 girl
 Swatch, a sample
 Swith! get away
 Swinge, to bear, to whip
 Swingein, beaten, whipping
 Swaird, sword
 Swat, did sweat
 Swervin, swerving
 Swoor, swore, did swear
 Swall'd, swelled
 Sweer, lazy, averse; *dead-*
sweer, extremely averse
 Sweaten, sweating
 Syne, since, ago, then

T

TAE, a toe; *three tae'd*,
 having three prongs
 Taufed, or tautie, matted
 together, *spoken of hair or*
wool
 Tak, to take, *takin*, takin
 Tangle, a sea weed
 Tauld, or tald, told
 Tarrow, to murmur at one's
 allowance
 Tarrow't, murmured
 Talkin, talking

Tawie,

- Tawie, that allows itself
 peaceably to be handled,
spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
 Tap, the top
 Taupie, a foolish, thought-
 less young person
 Tapetlefs, heedless, foolish
 Tarry-brecks, a sailor
 Tent, a field pulpit, head,
 caution; to take heed
 Tentie, heedful, cautious
 Tentlefs, heedless
 Tough, tough, *toughly*,
 toughly
 Teat, a small quantity
 Tearfu', tearful
 Ten hours bite, a slight feed
 to the horses while in the
 yoke in the forenoon
 Thack, thatch, *thack an'*
raps, cloathing, necessaries
 Thrang, throng, a croud
 Thegither, together
 Thick, intimate, familiar
 Thole, to suffer, to endure
 Thae, these
 Thrisle, thistle
 Throuther, pell-mell, con-
 fusedly
 Thinkin, thinking
 Thumpit, thumped
 Thumpin, thumping
 Thieveless, cold, dry, spited,
spoken of a person's de-
meanour
 Thowe, a thaw; to thaw
 Thankit, thanked
 Through, to go on with, to
 make out
 Threshin, thrashing
 Thairms, small guts, fiddle-
 strings
 Themsel, themselves
 Thyfel, thyself
 Thud, to make a loud, in-
 termittent noise
 Thraw, to sprain, to twist,
 to contradict
 Thrawn, sprained, twisted,
 contradicted
 Thrawin, twisting, &c.
 Threteen, thirteen
 Thankfu', thankful
 Thirl, to thrill
 Thirl'd, thrilled, vibrated
 Thowless, slack, lazy
 Threap, to maintain by dint
 of assertion
 Thir, these
 Tither, the other
 Timmer, timber, *Timmer-*
propt, propped with timber
 Till't, to it
 Tinkler, a tinker
 Tine, to lose; *Tint*, lost
 Tippence, two pence
 Tittle, to whisper
 Tittlin, whispering
 Tirl, to make a slight noise,
 to uncover
 Tirlin, uncovering
 Tip, a ram
 Towzie, rough, shaggy
 Toom, empty
 Tout,

Tout, the blast of a horn or trumpet ; to blow a horn, &c.

Tow, a rop

Toddle, to totter like the walk of a child

Toddlin, tottering

Tod, a fox

Toop, a ram

Toun, a hamlet, a farmhouse

Tocher, marriage portion

Toyte, to totter like old age

Towmond a twelvemonth

Toy, a very old fashion of female head dress

Trashtrie, trash

Trowth, truth, a petty oath

Tryin, trying

Trow to believe

Transmugrify'd, transmigrated, metamorphosed

Trig, spruce, neat

Trimly, excellently

Trottin, trotting

Trickie, full of tricks

Try't, tried

Tunefu', tuneful

Tug, raw hide. *of which, in old times, plough traces were frequently made*

Tulzie, a quarrel ; to quarrel, to fight

Twa, two

Twa-three, a few

Twal, twelve ; *Twalpennic-worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth

Twin, to part

'Twad, it would

Tyke, a dog

Unco, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious

Undoin, undoing

Unskaith'd, undamaged, unhurt

Uncaring, disregarding

Unkenn'd, unknown

Upo', upon

V

VAP'RI(N), vapouring

Vera, very

Vir, a ring round a column, &c.

W

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Wark,

Wark, work
 Wark lume, a tool to work
 with
 Warst, worst
 Wale, choice ; to chuse
 Wal'd, chose, chosen
 Wame, the belly ; *Wamefou'*,
 a bellyfull
 Warran, a warrant ; to
 warrant
 Wabster, a weaver
 Waukin, to awake
 Waefucks! or weas me! alas!
 O the pity
 Waur, worse ; to worst
 Waur't, worsted
 Warlock, a wizzard
 Warstl'd, or wastl'd, wrestled
 Wanerestfu', restless
 Wat, wet ; *I wat*, I wot, I
 know
 Wanchancie, unlucky
 Water-brose, *brose* made of
 meal and water simply
 without the additions of
 milk, butter, &c.
 Waukit, thickened, *as fullers*
do cloth
 Wauble, to swing, to reel
 Wattle, a twig, a wand
 Wair, to lay out, to expend
 Walie, ample, large, jolly ;
 also an interjection of dis-
 tress
 Wast, the woof
 Waifu', wailing
 Wee, little, *Wee-things*, little
 ones, *Wee-bit*, a full mat-
 ter

Weel, well ; *weelfare*, well-
 fare
 Wean, or weanie, a child
 Weason, weasand
 We'se, we shall
 Wearie, or weary ; *monie a*
wearie body, many a dif-
 ferent person
 Weet, rain, witness
 Wha, who
 Whafe, whose
 Where, where, *Wbare'er*
 wherever
 Whyles, whiles, sometimes
 Whistle, a whistle ; to whistle
 Whang, a leathern string, a
 piece of cheese bread, &c.
 to give the strappado
 Wheep, to fly nimbly, to
 jerk ; *penny wheep*, small
 beer
 Whun stane, a whin-stone
 Whirlygigums, useful orna-
 ments, trifling appendages
 Whigmeleeries, whims, fan-
 cies, crotches
 Whisht ! silence ! *to hold one's*
whisht, to be silent
 Whaize, to wheeze
 Whisk, to sweep, to lash
 Whiskit, lashed
 Whid, the motion of a hare
 running but not 'frighted,
 a lie
 Whiddin, running as a hare
 or coney
 Whitter, a hearty draught
 of liquor
 Whatreck, nevertheless
 Whalpit,

Whalpit, whelped
 Wi', with
 Win', wind, *Win's*, winds
 Wimple, to meander
 Wimpl't, meandered
 Wimplin, waving, meandering
 Winna, will not
 Winnock, a window
 Winkin, winking
 Wick, to strike a stone in
 an oblique direction, *a term*
in curling
 Withoutten, without
 Win, to wind, to winnow
 Win't, winded, *as a bottom*
of yarn
 Wintle, a staggering motion;
 to stagger, to reel
 Winze, an oath
 Wiel, a small whirlpool
 Wifie, *a diminutive or endear-*
ing term for wife
 Wizen'd, hide bound, dried,
 shrunk
 Wifs, to wish
 Winsome, gay, hearty, vaunt-
 ed
 Waeful, woeful
 Wonner, a wonder, a con-
 temptuous appellation
 Wonderfu', wonderful, won-
 derfully
 Woo' wool
 Wooer-bab the garter knot-
 ted below the knee with a
 couple of loops
 Worset, worsted

Wordy, worthy
 Wrack, to teale, to vex
 Wrang, wrong; to wrong
 Wreeth, a drifted heap of
 snow
 Wraith, a spirit, a ghost;
 an apparition exactly like
 a living person, whose ap-
 pearance is said to forbode
 the person's approaching
 death
 Wud, mad, distracted
 Wumble, a wimble
 Wyte, blame; to blame
 Wyliecoat, a flannel vest

YEAR, *is used for both*
sing. and plur. years.

Yell, barren, that gives no
 milk
 Yerk, to lash, to jerk
 Yerkit, jerked, lashed
 Yestreen, yesternight
 Yealings, born in the same
 year, coevals
 Ye, this pronoun is frequent-
 ly used for *Thou*
 Yill, ale
 Yird, earth
 Yoursel, yourself
 Yont, beyond
 Youthfu', youthful
 Yokin, yoking, a bout
 Yowe, a ewe
 Yowie, *dimin.* of yowe
 Yule, Christmas

